

# Calling All GIRLS

STORIES  
COMICS

Things To Do

APRIL 1960

35¢



How to...  
BE A PARTY WIPED  
CREATE WITH CRAYONS  
HAVE FUN BELONG

PUBLISHED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE



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- Five things to see and make
- Picture stories
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- Jokes, games, riddles

Published monthly except June and August by the publishers of **Parade** Magazine

# Calling All GIRLS

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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

HI, THERE!

Have you noticed how many people are boating these days? If you're one of them, you'll be particularly interested in "Anchors Aweigh," an article that explains the do's and don'ts of boating.

You history fans can test your skill with the "Presidential Quiz," and those of you who have ever been assigned to make a poster will appreciate the suggestions in "How to Create with Crayons."

What could be a better time to treat your friends to a magical party than April? You can "Be a Party Wizard" and give your friends a chance to show off their tricks.

See you next month!

*Betty Sears*



*Polly and her friends solve the mystery surrounding the*

# GIRL IN THE WINDOW

By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

THE four girls; Polly, Sunny, Agnes and Louise, were standing on the steps of the stately white house that had recently been bought by a famous writer of science fiction, Mr. Emmett Barney.



It must be admitted that they looked a little nervous over the approaching interview.

"Someone's coming," one of the girls hissed. "Don't forget your speech, Polly!"

"He won't be coming to the door! He's probably working on his new —"

She stopped, eyes and mouth round, for the great man himself was opening the door.

"Did you young ladies come to call on my mother?" he asked them in a friendly voice, running his hands through his wiry red hair. "If you did, it was a kind thought because I'm afraid she's been rather lonely in a strange town. She's a bit of an invalid and can't get about."

He was ushering the four girls in, when Polly spoke quickly. "We really came to see you. We hoped you might advise us on our new project," she explained, seeing his startled look. "I'm Polly Blake, and this is Agnes Kelly, Sunny Stern and Louise Olson."

Each girl bobbed her head as her name was mentioned, and four wide grins confronted the puzzled celebrity.

"Of course we'd love to call on your mother," Sunny said

politely, "as soon as we've finished our business with you."

"And we promise not to take up much of your time," Polly added.

Mr. Barney led the way to his study, assuring them that he had a few moments to spare, though he was meeting a deadline on a new book.

"My brother Bobby and his friend Whitey think your books are super," explained Polly. "So do we, for we've read a lot of them even though the boys think space travel won't ever be for girls. And that's silly, because by the time we're grown up and married we might even find ourselves living on the moon!"

MR. BARNEY kept his face very serious.

"So we thought it might be a fine project if we took up a study of the moon — we ought to know what to expect if we ever get there," Polly rushed on. "We decided on the moon 'cause it's nearest and probably people will go there first. Also, we want to buy a telescope so that we can see the hills and craters on the moon."

This time Mr. Barney did

laugh, but it was friendly laughter. "So you want a telescope," he said. "I see you've thought it all out. And how much money can you girls afford?"

"We're planning to earn some," Polly told him. "We'll baby-sit, weed gardens, walk dogs . . ."

Mr. Barney interrupted her. "You're hired right now," he declared. "We only moved here a month ago and haven't been able to find anyone to walk our dogs. Come along and talk it over with my mother."

Mrs. Barney looked surprised at the entrance of four strange girls, but before she could speak her son launched into an explanation.

She did laugh a little over the girls' "Operation Moon," but she welcomed the chance of help with the dogs, and within a very few minutes a satisfactory arrangement had been worked out.

Before the girls left, Mr. Barney took them out to the yard to introduce them to their charges, a beautiful red setter named Flame and her four sturdy sons — Red Spark, Red Fire, Cinders and Flying Saucer. In return for walking them twice a day, the

## Ready for the Game



Cut a piece of cloth large enough to go around your badminton or tennis racket. Stitch on a rectangular pocket to the top side of the cover. Fold the cover over and stitch around two sides. Thread a drawstring through the bottom side. The racket cover not only holds birds or balls but also keeps your racket in A-1 shape.

girls would receive a weekly salary, plus Mr. Barney's advice on choosing books about space travel. As for the telescope, he knew where he could pick one up second hand that would answer their purpose. Everything was settled and the girls began their duties.

It was during their first walk with the dogs that they saw the mysterious girl with the yellow hair.

Polly hauled in her puppy on his leash so suddenly he whimpered but, ignoring him, she continued to stare at the window of a shabby, weather-beaten house on the river bank.

A MOMENT earlier, a curly yellow head had been looking out of that window; then big tears had begun to roll down the thin cheeks and a wrinkled skinny claw had reached across the girl and rudely pulled down a brown shade.

"Didn't you see that girl looking at us through the window?" asked Polly.

"I saw a girl," Louise said. "What about her, Polly?"

"She started to wave to us, and then she began to cry," Polly told them, still staring at

the now-shaded window. "And a horrible hand like a claw pulled the shade down. Why shouldn't she have waved to us? And why was she crying? I don't like it, somehow. She was such a sad looking kid and she was trying to speak to us. But if somebody doesn't want her to, we can't help it," sighed Polly.

In the weeks that followed, Bohhy Blake and his friend Whitey were frantically trying to work out a plan for getting to know their favorite author. They could, of course, have asked Polly to introduce them, but that would have been admitting that they needed the girls' help. Polly and her friends were perfectly aware of the situation and were delighted to have the upper hand for a change. But although they enjoyed teasing the boys and loved walking the Barney dogs, they still wondered about the girl in the window. They were determined to solve the mystery surrounding her but didn't know where to start.

Matters were at this point when, three weeks after they had first seen Yellow Locks, the girls saw her for the second time.

"There she is!" hurst from





*The huddled figure, her thin leg in a brace, lay crumpled on the floor. What could have happened to her?*

four pairs of lips at once.

There certainly was a bright yellow head leaning against the casement of the first-floor open window, and as they moved nearer they could see that the girl had noticed them, too.

Impulsively Polly waved, and the girl in the window waved back.

"Hi!" called Louise, and held up her puppy for the girl to see.

Yellow Locks reached both arms out to the little dog and

*"Oh, they're just darling!"  
said Jon, smiling for  
the first time in months.*



leaned farther out the window.

Then, abruptly, she screamed and the next moment she disappeared from sight as if someone had pushed her. There was the sound of a crash, and Polly and the others dashed across the road, dragging the dogs with them.

"Someone pushed her!" Sunny said in a frightened voice.

"Here, hold the pup; I'm going in," Polly said, climbing over the sill.

Inside, a clumsy wheel chair

lay on its side, wheels still spinning and beside it the girl, her face hidden from sight, was huddled. A heavy steel brace showed on the spindly leg sticking out stiffly under the blue dress.

Polly was over the low sill in a flash, and Louise and Agnes, thrusting their leashes on a reluctant Sunny, followed.

The girl turned to look up at Polly. "I'm all right," she said, grinning gallantly. "I leaned



too far and my chair went over. It's a tippy old thing and I ought to have remembered. But I did want to see those darling puppies!"

"Do you suppose it's safe to move you?" Polly worried. "First Aid says not to, after an accident."

"Oh, it's just a hump on my forehead," the other said, "and it hurts my back when I'm jolted. I was hit by a car four months ago." She gestured toward the steel brace.

The girls, lifting together, carried her over to the bed in the corner. She was so thin, Polly said later, she hardly weighed more than one of the pups.

As they settled her on the pillows, hurried footsteps started up the stairs. Then the room door opened, and the same claw-like hand that Polly had seen before appeared.

**B**UT when the woman herself followed her hand, the girls felt terribly guilty because of their earlier thoughts of her. She was tiny and very old with a small wrinkled face. But it was easy to see that she loved the crippled girl.

"I heard the chair fall," she

said, putting her arms around the girl on the bed, "and I came as fast as I —"

She hroke off, staring at the visitors. "You're the girls with all of those pretty red dogs!"

"We heard the chair fall, too, and climbed in the window," Polly explained. She couldn't keep back her curiosity. "Why didn't you want her to look out at us? You pulled the shade down."

The woman nodded. "I know I did. She misses being able to run about and play so had she was crying fit to break her heart—just looking at you and the dogs. She never cries, and I knew she'd hate for you to see her do it, so I just up and pulled the shade down. Still it might have done her good to pat the pups. Could you bring them in for a minute?"

"Of course," Polly said. She called Sunny who climbed in the window after passing the dogs to Polly.

Flame, very dignified, made friends with the strange girl at once, and one of the puppies scrambled up on the bed to snuggle in the arms held out to him.

That broke the ice. Flame and

all her sons were introduced and the old woman, whose name was Mrs. Roberts, completed the introductions.

"She's Jonquil Williams, but I guess you've never been called anything but Jon, have you, deary? She and her ma have roomed with me," she told the four visitors, "ever since her pa died two years ago."

"Mommy said my hair was just the color of a jonquil when I was born," Jon added shyly. "She'll be home soon for lunch. She works in the store half a mile down the road."

"It must be pretty lonely for you," Polly said softly. It hurt to think of this girl tied to an old wheel chair with no one but a tired landlady to look in on her. "We'll bring the dogs to see you tomorrow," she promised. "We take them past here every day."

The four walked home, their tongues wagging in excited planning, and by the time they reached the Barney house there was a new project outlined to replace "Operation Moon."

"Something nice has happened," Mrs. Barney guessed when the girls arrived.

Between the four of them, the

girls told of their adventure.

"If she had one of those light metal wheel chairs they use in hospitals," Polly wound up, "she could get about the house, and when we go by we could take her for a walk with the dogs. She says her mother is saving up to buy her one, but I'm afraid that will take a long time."

MRS. Barney made a distressed murmur, and Polly went on.

"So we've decided to use our money to buy her that chair ourselves. I guess there's more rush about her getting it than our getting that telescope."

"It's a splendid idea," Mr. Barney approved. "After all, it'll be quite a while, you know, before you really go to the moon."

A few weeks later they found Mr. Barney in the hall when they got back from their daily visit with Jon.

"Mother wants to see you in the library," he told them with an air of mystery. "She has a surprise for you. Hurry up!"

The girls raced down the hall, and the surprise began for Polly at finding her mother seated

near Mrs. Barney's sofa. Then a cry from Sunny drew her eyes across the room.

Beside Mr. Barney's desk stood the very chair that Jon had described so wistfully that first day. It was small, compact and light enough to be pushed by a finger-tip on one of its shining rubber-tired wheels.

Mrs. Blake laughed at her daughter's amazed face. "Did you think you were the only ones who could have a secret?"

"It's for Jon?" Polly breathed.

"For Jon," Mr. Barney said. "It's still your very own project, but it seemed to my mother and me that it was hard on Jon to have to wait all summer, while

you earned the money, when we could easily advance it and let you work it out afterwards. By the way," he continued, "when the chair is paid for, will you youngsters keep on working for the telescope?"

"No, not right away," Polly said. "You see, there'll be other things Jon will need, such as the new brace the doctor says she can use this fall. We've sort of adopted her as our permanent project."

There was prompt nodding of three heads.

"But," Polly added firmly, "we still believe in space travel, Mr. Barney. We're just taking a raincheck on the moon."

## POLLY Reads the News



**POLLY SAYS:**

Except in the dictionary!

Judy Henschell of Edmonton, Alta., has been sent \$5 for this headline and humorous comment. Thanks, Judy!

# TIZZIE GOES TO THE THEATRE

IMAGINE--MY FIRST  
TRIP TO THE THEATER!  
I CERTAINLY FEEL  
MATURE.

I HOPE SHE'S MATURE  
ENOUGH TO SIT THROUGH  
THE WHOLE SHOW.

DON'T BE SILLY,  
SHE'LL LOVE IT. BESIDES,  
THIS WILL START HER  
THINKING ABOUT THE  
MORE IMPORTANT  
THINGS IN LIFE.



OH, THERE'S JANE!

OUCH! SRY, WHY  
DON'T YOU  
WATCH...

OH, I'M SO SORRY...

I KNOW THIS IS ALL  
A HORRIBLE MISTAKE.  
TIZ AND SHAKESPEARE  
JUST DON'T MIX.

NOW, DEAR, WHAT  
CAN POSSIBLY HAP-  
PEN? SHE'LL BE  
RIGHT HERE WITH  
US THE WHOLE  
EVENING.

END OF FIRST ACT...

JUST SIT THERE, TIZZIE.  
WE'LL BE BACK AFTER  
THE INTERMISSION.

JEEPERS--I DON'T  
WANT TO MISS THE  
INTERMISSION. BE-  
SIDES, I'M THIRSTY.

AND I DON'T  
WANT HER OUT  
OF MY SIGHT.  
WHERE WE GO,  
SHE GOES.



THAT FIRST ACT  
WAS GREAT ...  
MAMA... WONDER  
WHAT GOES  
ON BEHIND  
THE STAGE ?

THERE GOES THE  
CURTAIN CALL .

BUT I HAVEN'T  
FINISHED MY  
ORANGE  
DRINK .



PLEASE EXCUSE US.

OH...OH...I'M...



... SO  
SORRY.

N...N...NO YOU'RE NOT, YOUNG  
LADY. NO ONE COULD BE *THAT*  
CLUMSY BY MISTAKE!

SH...

SH...

SH...

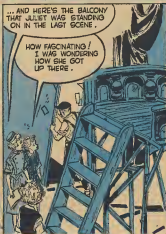
SH...



THE THEATER... HUMPH...  
THAT GIRL SHOULD BE  
RIGHT *ON STAGE*. SHE  
ALWAYS CAPTURES AN  
AUDIENCE.







OH, THERE GOES  
THE CURTAIN. WE'LL  
HAVE TO HURRY.  
WHERE'S TIZZIE?

POET...HEY, MARCIA, ANN, I'M  
UP HERE. HOW DO I GET  
DOWN?

I CAN'T SEE  
A THING,  
TIZZIE.

PHIEW!  
THANK  
GOODNESS I'M  
OUT OF THERE.

TIZZIE,  
OVER  
HERE!

NO, TIZZIE, NOT  
THAT WAY, THAT'S  
THE...

OH...  
WHAT COULD  
HAVE HAPPENED  
TO TIZZIE?

DON'T WORRY.  
SHE PROBABLY  
GOT BORED WITH  
THE WHOLE THING.  
SHE MUST BE  
WAITING FOR US  
OUTSIDE.



CAN YOU IMAGINE SOME-  
ONE WALKING ON STAGE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF A PLAY.  
FUNNY THING, THAT GIRL  
COULD DOUBLE FOR OUR...



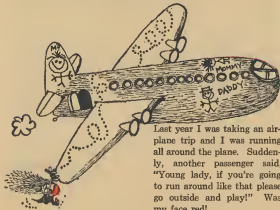
... AND JULIET  
HAS TO CLIMB  
THE NARROWEST  
STAIRS YOU  
EVER SAW...

I NEVER WANT TO  
HEAR THE WORDS  
"SCENERY" OR  
"THEATER" AGAIN.

BUT DEAR, YOU  
SAID TIZZIE  
BELONGED  
ON STAGE!



# WAS MY FACE RED!



Last year I was taking an airplane trip and I was running all around the plane. Suddenly, another passenger said, "Young lady, if you're going to run around like that please go outside and play!" Was my face red!

CHRIS SAMAL, Meiden, Conn.

I was just getting dressed for a hicycle trip when the phone rang. I answered it and talked for a few minutes. As I hung up, I glanced at the clock and saw that I was due to meet my friends in a few minutes. I ran out of the house, not even saying good-bye to my parents. As I entered the garage to get my hike, my mother called out to me from the window to tuck my shirt-tail into my shorts. Then I realized that I hadn't even put my shorts on yet!

Joyce Teitz, Cincinnati, Ohio



Last summer I was playing on a miniature golf course. My ball went into the ninth hole and since it was my first time at the golf course I didn't know there was a tunnel from the ninth hole to the club house for the balls to go through. I got down on the ground and tried to get the ball out. People stopped and looked at me as if I were crazy. Was my face red!

JO ANNE HOLLAND, Hudson, Quebec



One day I was having a party and was I excited! I was out of candy so I went in the kitchen to get some peanuts. I looked in the cupboard and took out a box which I thought was peanuts. I poured the whole bag into a dish and went into the party room. When I tasted a few of them I found out it was bird seed!

LINDA WHITES, Shrewsbury, Mass.





# ANCHORS AWEIGH



*Sailing over the bounding main will be even more fun when*

An article by MARY ANNE TATE

**A**HOY, Captain!" This call or one similar to it has been ringing out across the water through the ages, ever since man first learned that a fallen tree trunk would support his weight in water. Americans have caught the boat fever. Lakes and rivers swarm with brightly colored boats and buzz with the sound of motors or of wind through sails.

Boating can be lots of fun, whether you go in a boat owned by your family or rent one. Boats can take you to those islands that dot a lake or a river that you've been longing to explore. They can carry you to a secluded fishing spot or a quiet

cove where swimming is safe or just for a cool, relaxing ride over the water.

Skimming the surface, leaving a white trail of foam behind you, with the wind in your face, can be exhilarating. Probably you can hardly wait to get to the lake and weigh anchor. If you're lucky enough, you get to go often and if you've learned to handle a boat with care and caution, perhaps your parents will let you and your friends go alone.

But no matter how you go, alone or with an experienced boatman, you should be well acquainted with the safety rules everyone should follow when boating. This will not only save lives but make your nautical



*you remember these simple rules for safety on the water*

journey easier and more pleasant for everyone concerned.

Rules may vary from place to place, but there are several general rules that apply to any boat or on any body of water.

The first obvious rule is to be certain the boat you use is in sound condition. Boats have to be kept in constant repair with all seams securely calked. Many boats now are made of fiber glass and aluminum. These help to get away from the old problem of wooden boats rotting or becoming dried out. If you're renting a boat you're unfamiliar with, examine it carefully. If you find water has seeped in and partially covers the floor, ask for another. A dry bottom will be a sure sign that you'll enjoy

a safer journey in a good boat.

No matter how experienced you are at handling a boat, it is always a good idea to take someone with you. In swimming classes they teach you to swim with a buddy. In boating, take a boating buddy. If unexpected trouble develops, you'll find an extra pair of hands mighty handy.

A good many people unnecessarily risk their lives, especially non-swimmers, when they venture out in a boat without life jackets. A life jacket, while perhaps a bit expensive, is well worth its cost. Even good swimmers can drown without one. If you're in the middle of a big lake, your boat overturns, and you try to swim for it, what



*Each of the people in the boats pictured above is doing something*

are your chances? Good swimmers suffer cramps and exhaustion just as non-swimmers do.

Most life jackets are a bright orange, as approved by the Coast Guard. These are easily spotted in the water and will assure a speedy rescue. There are cushions, too, that can be used to cover a hard boat seat and then serve as a float in the water.

Another mistake that many inexperienced boaters make is

that of overloading. Too many people in a boat can make extra work for the motor as well as put a strain on the strength of a boat. A heavily loaded boat sinks farther into the water, making it easier for waves to spill over the side. A really big wave could cause you to capsize. As a general rule, a twelve foot boat can safely carry three people. Most eighteen foot boats can handle up to six persons. No matter how many passengers





*dangerously wrong. If you can spot them, you rate a captain's stripes!*

there are, try to distribute their weight evenly throughout the boat.

The old saying, "Don't rock the boat," merits investigation. There is no place in a boat for a friend who insists on clamoring from one end to the other, standing up on the seats or in general rocking the boat. A reckless person is a real liability. If you have such a member in your party, explain the rules to him and insist that he follow

them, or else leave him ashore.

If you are going boating on a lake, there are probably special rules for that particular place that all boaters are to respect. Be certain you know them before embarking on your voyage. Some lakes limit the horsepower of motors, some even have speed limits and nearly all of them require that you have a running light on your boat if you intend to be out after dark. The same applies to rivers. On

most major rivers, the Coast Guard has the authority.

While boating on rivers, there are certain things to remember. Rivers are subject to sandbars, floating debris and sometimes very strong undercurrents. Excessive speed on a river, which looks clear and wide on the surface, may only be asking for trouble. A floating log hit at a certain angle would surely upset you. A sandbar might damage both boat and motor.

Whenever you dock on an island in either a lake or a river, be certain that you tie your mooring line securely or you may find yourself stranded.

With river travel, remember not to bog the center of the channel. On any body of water, when approaching another boat that is coming toward you, remember to keep to the starboard or the right. When a boat is crossing your course, remember the boat which has the other on its port or left side has the right of way. When overtaking another boat, be certain to keep clear of the boat ahead and do not pass too close.

Wherever you are, there are certain boating manners to practice, in addition to following the

general safety rules. Many men make their living on the water. If you know a certain boat to be a commercial fishing vessel, stay clear of it. Passing too near will stir up big waves and disturb the fishing. Light sailing boats, too, will find danger in the wash of your waves, so do not speed near them.

Sound carries a long way over the water. Most people who are fishing or just out for a pleasure cruise will not appreciate a noisy, rowdy group.

WHEN approaching a place where there are swimmers, always cut down on your speed. Stay clear of them if at all possible. Passing too close may result in a bad accident. Coming back to dock or passing other wharfs, a slow speed is again a must because these places are usually congested.

In all the excitement of going boating, it is easy to forget the time and the weather. If darkness slips up on you, you may find it difficult to find your way to home port, even with a running light. Things look differently in the dark and familiar landmarks are no longer visible. Storms can come up with sur-

prising speed on the water.

Learn to watch for local storm signs and heed them. Rough waves are a real hazard to boats and no one enjoys getting soaked to the skin. Be wise like the old sea captains. Keep your eye on the sun for the time and on the sky for the weather.

As you've been reading this, you've probably noticed some nautical terms. Perhaps you'd like to review them as well as a few others so you can remember them.

*Bow* — the forward part of the boat.

*Stern* — the back of the boat.

*Starboard* — the right of the boat as you face the bow.

*Port* — the left of the boat as you face the bow.

*Helm* — the mechanism used to steer the boat.

*Anchor* — a weight used to keep the boat in a certain spot on the water.

*Mooring Line* — a rope used to tie up a boat at a dock or wharf.

"Ahoy, Captain! Let's go boating!" comes the shout.

Answer the call, gather your crew and don your captain's cap

"Ready, mates?"

"Aye, aye, Captain!"

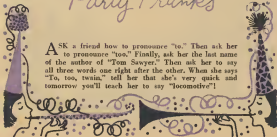
"Anchor aweigh. Cast off!"

As you ease slowly away from the dock, remember your manners and the safety rules. As captain of your ship, it is your responsibility to see that your voyage is under control at all times. Have fun!

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## Party Pranks

ASK a friend how to pronounce "to." Then ask her to pronounce "too." Finally, ask her the last name of the author of "Tom Sawyer." Then ask her to say all three words one right after the other. When she says "To, too, twain," tell her that she's very quick and tomorrow you'll teach her to say "locomotive"!




# MYSTERY AT THE CASTLE

*An exciting new serial in four parts—Part III*

By GLADYS K. BRADLEY



*"There's a stairway here!" cried Donald.*



STORY SO FAR: Nancy, visiting Scotland, is spending a week end with her friend Janie at Lady Ogilvie's castle. On the first evening strange things happen: a medal vanishes and Janie is sure that she sees a portrait move. Lady Ogilvie agrees to let the girls and Donald, a young piper, search for the mysterious person they think has invaded the castle. A servant remembers an old tale about a passage from the castle to a large cave, and the young people are determined to find it. They also have a plan to catch the intruder.

SO they planned to be on watch all during the supper hour. They would eat early. Then Donald would play the pipes and march around the hall at exactly the time he always did. Lady Ogilvie and the girls would keep watch in the library.

"An' I'll be there, too," said Hector. "I hae just the club'll be richt. 'Twould be fine to gie him a clankie, richt ower the head!"

Janie laughed. "That it would, Hector. An' Nancy can use her little torch — ye did bring it

along, didn't ye, Nancy?"

"Oh, yes! My flashlight! I'll get it right now and put it here on the table. We never thought we'd really use it this way, did we, Janie?"

They ate hurriedly, with no regard for custom, everyone wondering what would happen.

"Quiet, now," said Donald. "Get to yer places and stay quiet once ye're there. I'll pipe the Salute and if nothing happens I'll do a pibroch. He micht come and he micht no'."

Silently they went to the library, the girls at the table; Nancy with her hand on the flashlight. Lady Ogilvie took the opposite side of the room and Hector stood beside the portrait of Donacha Ban, his long club with the heavy, knotty burl at one end firmly gripped in his old hands.

The Salute arose, loud and shrill. They could hear the measured step of Donald as he marched around the room. Three times he marched around the great hall while they waited in the darkness of the library. But nothing happened. The minutes ticked by and the girls held their breath as they listened. A quiver of fear ran down

Nancy's spine. Again the skirl of the pipes arose. Again Donald marched, step by step, and the pipes blared on!

And then it happened! The slow, creaking sound! Again it came and Nancy stifled a scream. It was over by the portrait of Donacha Ban. She raised the flashlight, but Janie's firm hand held her back. They still waited in breathless silence as the portrait slowly moved into the room! The pipes died down and Lady Ogilvie spoke, "Now, Nancy!"

ALL was confusion at that moment. Whoever was there knew he had been detected and darted back, pulling the portrait with him. The flashlight shone full on the wall, and old Hector quickly put his club into the opening to prevent its closing. Then Donald was there, and the serving woman, with candles. Again they heard footsteps running.

Donald grabbed the flashlight and was into the opening behind the portrait.

"It's a secret stairway," he called.

"It *had* to be a secret stairway," said Nancy. "It just had

to be. But why didn't the portrait move when we all tried it last night?"

"Must be fastened from behind — that's why we couldna even budge it," said Janie.

Donald's footsteps could be heard on the old stone passageway as he followed the intruder, but he didn't go far.

"There's a stairway going down, and a stairway going up — could be to the Tower. This is how he got in before, frae the cellar."

"But he couldna possibly ha'e got in by the cellar," said Lady Ogilvie. "There is nae entrance to the cellars frae the outside!" She looked as if she were about to faint. "I would never ha'e lived here alone if I had known there was a way to get into that secret passage and into this room!"

"Then you knew there really was a secret passage?" asked Donald.

"Aye. Those stairs lead to a secret room — not to the cellars. When the entrance to the Tower was sealed up, the entrance frae the outside was sealed, too. I mind now how they cut big rock and sealed up the entrance so it couldna be used to get into

the castle frae the outside."

"But it *was* used," said Janie. "You see, they *did* get in!"

"It was long ago. Someone has dug out a rock, and found a way in."

"The boy on the cliff!" cried Nancy. "Of course! He found a way in!"

Meanwhile Hector and Donald were examining the back of the portrait. Two huge hooks of iron made it easy to pull the portrait back into place and drop an iron bar to hold it.

"Listen," called Donald. "I'll drop this iron bar and you see if that is what we heard." He dropped the bar and the listeners were satisfied.

"That's what the master meant, s'richt!" Hector told them. "Anyone could be safe in the cave for as long as they wanted. No one could get to them frae the castle!"

WHY was such a stairway ever made in the first place?" asked Nancy.

"All castles had secret passageways to protect themselves," said Lady Ogilvie. "Bring the iron bar in, Donald, so the way canna be harred again this nicht, an' I'll tell ye

the story as best I remember. An' Hector will tell what I canna recall."

When they were all comfortably seated, she began. "In olden days a secret passage could mean life itself. Dreadful things happened sometimes — like the shameful McCanns. They piled brushwood in front of a cave and suffocated two hundred persons at once! They had no secret way out."

"How awful!" exclaimed Nancy.

"AYE," agreed old Hector. "But, M'lady, y'rremember they were first asked to gie up the men who had bound the McCanns hand and foot and set them adrift in the boat, and they wouldna do it! An' if they'd got the McCanns into a cave, they'd ha'e done the same!"

"Oh, no! No, Hector! I sha' begin to fear ye ha'e some o' the McCann blood in ye, if y'try to excuse them."

The old man shook his head. "Clan warfare it were, M'lady, an' they were all alike, only it wasna cruel then. It were a way o' fightin'. It is called an ambush now; lurin' yer enemy

an' then takin' him at a disadvantage. If y'didna do it to him, he'd do it to ye."

Lady Ogilvie shook her head. "Well, maybe. At any rate this castle controlled the big Macinnin cave that lies on the east o' the castle wall. Many caves open out on the jagged rocks, and the sea rushes in, so they are worthless. But the Macinnin cave lies higher and the sea never enters. However, the entrance frae the sea is only a black and yawning chasm, hard to get to by boat and impossible for an enemy to attack those holding the cave. So it was a fine place for those as needed hiding. 'Tis a big cave, tremendous walls and projecting rocks on all sides. They say a thousand Culdees once took refuge there."

"Who are Culdees?" asked Nancy.

"They are no more, but were once a religious order. They say the old altar they used is still in the big cave."

"Spookier and spookier!" shivered Nancy in delight.

"There was a small room off the cave, and 'twere here my lads loved often to gae. There was a sheer drop o' a hundred



feet to the floor o' Macinnin's cave. "Twerna safe for the younger hairns is why we sealed it up, both the Tower and the outside entrance. No one frae the sea could ever find the way up to the small room and the secret passage. And no one could get out of the castle into the cave. So it seemed verra safe."

"That means that tomorrow we search for the entrance. We must find where they got in frae the outside. An' we still ha'e not found the lost cross," Janie told them.

"Nor the book," put in Nancy. "Why would anyone steal a book? Was it an important book? Would there be any reason for taking it?"

"Nae," answered the lady. "I dinna understand that either. It was just stories o' clan warfare. I sometimes read it because I remember many o' the places. It is late, and if we're going to search the secret passageway tomorrow everyone must get to sleep. Ye will stay the night, Donald?"

"I will be goin' home now, M'lady, but will come across early, wi' Duncan. I will be here before ye ha'e breakfast."

## In Your Hat



Cut a circle of heavy cloth the size of a discarded straw hat and stitch it firmly around the hat brim, leaving an opening of several inches at the top. Stitch a small tab to the top of the hat brim and attach a snap to the tab and the back of the purse. Stitch on strap handles and your novel handbag is complete.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. Donald came early and the girls were ready to begin the search.

"We've got torches, Donald!" exclaimed Nancy. "Hector made us torches like they used in the old days. Janie and I'll go down the secret stairway —"

"Nae!" Lady Ogilvie spoke quickly. "An' fall a hundred feet to the floor o' Macinnin's cave in the dark? Nae! Donald wi' look once more on the cliff and see if he can find where the opening was sealed, and —"

"Can we go, too?" interrupted Nancy.

Donald shook his head. "Too rough for girls. Ye could fall five hundred feet and sink in the sea!"

"Why can't we go down from the inside and call to Donald? Then he'd know where to look," begged Nancy.

Lady Ogilvie shook her head. "Many things ye dinna understand, sma' Nancy. The first passageway ye'd be safe eneuch; it runs between walls. But then ye'd ha'e to find the small cave an' it will be dirty and dark in there and maybe wild animals. No place for girls."

"Maybe the lost cross is in that first passageway, the one between walls. Maybe it dropped out of the hook as someone ran with it! If we just searched in that first passageway, Lady Ogilvie?"

"Nae, Nancy. Donald is the one to do it. We will just ha'e





Illustrations by JOSEPH BERTELLI

*"This must be the room!" cried Nancy.  
"Look, there's a bed and an old table here,  
but where's the boy in blue?"*

to wait until he finds the way." She turned to the boy, ready to start for the cliff.

"That opening was cleverly concealed under a big layer of rock, is all I can tell ye. It is plastered wi' masonry inside and sealed wi' rock outside. An' he careful, Donald."

Donald ran quickly down the stone path and up over the cliff. He found the place where the bracken had been trampled. He peered among the bushes and found a path leading down a slope. He was almost to the edge of the cliff, but search as he could, there was no way to get further down. The cliff was firm and solid and there was no break in the bushes. Far below he could see a narrow ledge but could not get down to it. Disappointed, he worked his way back to the trampled bracken. He searched again in every direction, but there was nothing -- no sign of any entrance -- and after about an hour he gave up and went back to the castle.

"Guess we'll ha'e to work frae the inside out," he told them. The eager girls were ready, the torches were ready, and old Hector was ready, too. "Ye'll no' be goin' into no death

trap alone," he told them. "Should anythin' happen, they'll no' say I let hairns face the danger alone and me stay safe in m'quarters."

But Donald was firm. "It isna necessary, Hector, but we do be thankin' ye for the willingness to gae wi' us. 'Tis small the passage is, and we are no longer hairns. We can manage."

"Ye be sure?"

"Aye! 'Tis careful I will be, Hector, as careful as though ye were beside me!"

SO THEY made ready for the search. "You take the flashlight, Donald, and two extra torches," cautioned Lady Ogilvie. "Remember the safety o' the girls is in yer keepin'."

"I will remember, Lady Ogilvie."

They swung the portrait of Donacha Ban in its creaky groove and made their way onto the passageway. Donald went ahead holding the flashlight close to the floor. The girls followed with their torches held high.

"This is fun!" called Nancy as they cautiously moved along. "Just think, these old walls are cut from solid stone!"

"Up there goes the stairs to the Tower," called Donald. "Now we start going down. There's a step and then a long place sloping down. Carefull!"

They crept along, wiping cobwebs from their faces. They followed Donald closely, sometimes holding their torches low to find the best pathway.

All at once they came to a place where the passage forked to the right and to the left. The way to the left was steeply uphill, steps again cut in the solid rock. And the way to the right sloped downhill, rough and unsure of footing.

They turned to the left. Donald went boldly ahead and the girls followed. Ten steps they climbed, and suddenly the passageway widened.

"The room!" called Donald. "The small room where the lads played!"

"The room!" cried Nancy. "And with a bed in it!"

"An' a crude old table! It

isna so dirty — it isna dirty at all!" Janie stopped to look around. They all looked closely at the bed. It was made of dried heather tops and ferns piled deep. And it was freshly made!

The walls were of solid rock, the ceiling high and jagged and dark. "Well, we ha'e found the small room, but there is the entrance yet to find. It must be where the path went downhill."

They went back down the steps and on down the slope. The footing was rocky and dangerous, but they crept on.

There was nothing to give a warning as the girls followed Donald — nothing at all. Did Nancy make only one step too far to the side? Or did the rock give way under her stumbling feet? In one frightful moment she felt the path slipping from under her, and she dropped her torch to grab onto the rolling rock. Her scream stopped Donald where he stood.

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*What has happened to Nancy? Can Donald reach her in time to save her? And will they be able to find the outside entrance to the cave? You'll find the answers to these questions in the last exciting chapter of "Mystery at the Castle" in the May issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS.*



# Presidential Quiz

By HELEN LANGWORTHY



*You have two clues to help you identify the Presidents. Score ten points for each correct answer, and if you get less than 70% you need to re-read your history book!*

1. Who was the only President who lived to see his son also become President? Words of his are carved over the fireplace in the White House state dining room.
2. Who could be described as a one-man Mr. CARE? An elderly former President, he still works at a furious pace.
3. What President was nicknamed "Old Hickory"? He adopted the principle of "to the victor belong the spoils."
4. What President was at one time a general nicknamed "Old Rough and Ready"? Gold had just been discovered in California when he took office.
5. What President is called "The Father of the Declaration of Independence"? His home, Monticello, is still visited by thousands.
6. Who was the President whose early ambition was to be a pianist? After leaving the White House, he retired to his home state of Missouri.
7. This President only owned one house, and that was in Springfield, Illinois. His well remembered phrases are "a house divided . . ." and "with malice toward none . . ."
8. Who was the only President to serve two non-consecu-

five terms? There is a large city in Ohio with the same name.

9. What President formulated a famous doctrine? We bought Florida from Spain during his term.

10. What President was a newspaperman in Ohio before being elected? On a trip to Alaska he was taken seriously ill and died.

11. Can you identify the President nicknamed "Old Tippecano"? He died within a month of taking office.

12. Who is the only President born in Texas? He has a son who is also a graduate of West Point.

13. What President had a summer home at Campobello? One of his most famous remarks is, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself."

14. This President's wife rescued valuables from the White House just before the British stormed Washington. He wrote the Bill of Rights.

15. What President was a general during the Civil War? His first two initials are the same as that of our nation.

16. What President was given his oath of office by his father, a justice of peace? It was characteristic of him to say, "If you don't say anything, you won't be called on to repeat it."

17. What President was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for helping to effect peace between Russia and Japan? During the summers of his terms in office he lived at Sagamore Hill.

18. Who was the third President to be killed while in office? He worked for freedom of Cuba and the independence of the Philippine Islands.

19. What President is closely associated with the "League of Nations" and "Fourteen Points"? November 11th is a date associated with his memory.

20. Who was another famous general who became President? He is referred as to being "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

# BE A PARTY WIZARD



*Give your friends a chance  
to show off their tricks at  
this magical party*

An article by MARY JO ERICSON

**D**O you have a number of special pranks that you use to tease your family and friends on "April Fool's Day"? What are they? Soap candy — strange telephone calls — pocketbooks with strings attached?

This year why don't you ask your family to join with you in planning an afternoon or evening of "April Fool's Magic" with which to entertain your friends? I'm sure that all of you have loads of ideas that you can use, in addition to the ones that are used in this article. And you'll have fun, too, at the "magic" which your friends will

perform because, of course, you won't want to monopolize that phase of the evening's entertainment.

Start off by sending out your invitations in the shape of the figure "1" for April 1st. Make this large enough so that you can print on the front side the time, date and place of your party as well as your name and address.

On the reverse side write that the "price" of admission to your party is one magic trick.

For your centerpiece have a "Magic Ball." This can be made by using two glass bowls the same size. Place the first one



on a nest of ferns or greens, and when you have filled it with your "magic" messages, place the other one upside down on top of it. Tape it together in three or four places, and tie a pretty ribbon around it. When it comes time to disperse your magic, the ribbon and tape can easily be removed, and the top bowl lifted off.

Write a "fortune" for each of your guests. Fold these into squares and tie with different colored ribbons. Fasten an extra piece of ribbon to each one to go over the side of the bowl and run to each place at the table.

After refreshments have been served, you can consult your "Magic Ball" and let each of your guests pull out her fortune. It will be a nice finale for your Magic Party.

**T**HESE ribbons can be fastened at each place to "lollipop" place cards. Get some lollipops about two inches in diameter, and on the wrapping write each guest's name. Get different flavors and colors of lollipops to make your table more colorful. You might match them to the ribbons you are using on your fortunes.

The names can be written with frosting, using a pastry tube, or you can get gummed letters and paste them on.

To carry out your "mystery" theme, why not serve "Black Mystery" pie with milk or cocoa?

To make your "Black Mystery" pie, use fruit dishes. Line them with sugar cookies, add chocolate ice cream for your "black mystery," and form a lattice-effect crust with more sugar cookies. You might add a dab of whipped cream and a marascino cherry to dress them up.

Line up about four magic tricks which you will perform yourself. Use short ones so that there will be plenty of time for your guests to perform, too. You might start off the program, then let one of your guests perform. Intersperse your own acts in between.

All set to go? Here are some stunts with which you may amaze your guests.

*Trick No. 1:* Do you want to change a "cross" into a "star" without touching it? Impossible? Not at all.

Take four kitchen matches. Crack them in the center, and

1



2



3



4



place them in a saucer in the form of a cross. When your friends scoff at your ability to change its form without touching it, take some water and drop a small amount of it in the center of your cross. While you all watch the matches will spread apart (like magic) to form a four-cornered star!

*Trick No. 2:* How good a swimmer are you? How long can you stay under water? What would your friends say if you told them you could stay under water for a whole minute — or two minutes? They would pooh-poo the idea, wouldn't they? Well, this is strictly an April Fool trick, and you won't need a swimming pool to perform, either. How do you do it? Simple! Just fill a glass with water and hold it over your head! You're *under water*, aren't you?

It's zany, but laugh-provoking, and that's what you want your party to be.

*Trick No. 3:* Have you ever heard a stingy person described as squeezing her money so tight that it yelled? Well, tell your friends that you can make magic and squeeze a half-dollar so hard that the woman on it actually cries.

In one hand show them the half-dollar. In the other hand have a piece of wet tissue paper hidden. When you are ready to start your trick, quickly transfer the paper to the hand holding the coin. *Be sure your friends do not detect this.*

NOW, go into your act. "Tears" will drop from your hand. Simple, but mystifying, isn't it? They'll probably want to try it afterward, but not having your magic touch, they won't be able to make her cry.

*Trick No. 4:* Here is one where you can ask for a couple of volunteers to try their luck first. Then when they fail, you can put on your act and display your magic skill.

Place a dime in a small wine glass. Then place a quarter in the same glass on top of the dime.

Challenge your friends to reverse the position of the coins without touching the glass or the coins. Bet they won't be able to do it!

Want to know the secret? Step up and blow into the glass along the side. Presto! the two coins will flip over and be reversed from their original posi-

tions! Why don't you practice up on this one beforehand?

Perhaps you have some special pet tricks of your own that you want to try — or why not let the whole family join in the fun beforehand by thinking up and teaching you some that you can use? That will be just an added bonus of party fun which you can share with them.

After all of you have had your time in the spotlight, ask your friends to vote on the most interesting stunt; the silliest stunt; and the hardest one to detect.

Have prizes to award to these guests. You might also have a special prize to award to anyone who came up with a stunt that still has you all guessing.

Make your prizes mystifying, too, by trying to wrap them in a way that will not disclose what they really are. Let the prize-winners guess before opening them. You'll all get a lot of laughs out of how far they may go astray.

Does it sound like fun? I'm sure your party-time will fly, and you'll all think that the clock is working magic, too.

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## A RIDDLE WORTH MONEY TO YOU—

Q

HOW CAN YOU EARN  
\$5.00 BY TALKING  
TO 6 GIRLS?

A

EASY ANSWER:

Just tell  
6 girls...

Calling All Girls, Box EG-608  
Representatives' Division, Bergenfield, N. J.

Here are 6 one-year subscriptions to Calling All Girls, with subscribers' names and addresses and full payment. Send me \$5 commission and tell me how to earn more money!

My name .....

Address .....

City .....

Zone.....State.....



...why you like CALLING ALL GIRLS—and offer to send in their subscriptions for one year at only \$3.50 each!

Just send us 6 one-year orders and we'll send you \$5 commission! Be sure to give each subscriber's name and address, attach full payment and mail with coupon.

(Of course, subscriptions must go to addresses other than your own).

We'll send your \$5 by return mail — tell you how to earn MORE MONEY, too. You'll get 6 subscriptions from the first 6 girls you see today — especially if you show them your copy.



# BUNDLE FROM HEAVEN

An interview by **GEORGE CHRISTY**

*Connie Francis, just out of her teens, has sung her way to fame*

**E**VER hear the expression, "She's four feet eleven and a hundle from heaven"?

Well, songthrush Connie Francis is two inches taller, but a hundle from heaven nonetheless. You've heard her popular records

which have won her golden records (a singer receives a golden record if over a million copies of a song are sold). Some of her hits? "Lipstick on Your Collar," "Stupid Cupid," "Who's Sorry Now?" "My Happiness" and "Frankie."

And here's a special point: in a business strongly dominated by young male singers, Connie is the only girl to emerge as a vocalist of stature.

She was twenty-one last December 12th, and she's pretty as a posie — brown-eyed, chestnut-haired, with a fair complexion that glows from the color of pink roses in her cheeks. She was born Conchetta Franconera in a three-story, yellow frame house in Newark, New Jersey; and she was constantly encouraged as a tot (Connie was two years old when she began singing songs she heard on the radio) by her dad, George Franconera.

**J**UST look at how happy our Connie is when she sings," beaming Papa Franconera would say, patting chubby Connie's curly brown hair. "She has music in her heart," he'd add, and both Mom and Papa

Franconera would smile.

When she was four years old, Connie began her formal training in the world of music. Papa Franconera bought her a twelve-bass accordion, and Connie began studying with a music master down the street. But in no time at all the neighbors got wind of Connie's talent with the "big box," and she was singing and accompanying herself at family get-togethers, neighborhood parties and church benefits.

One day, when Connie was still only four years old, she was invited to perform on a program at the Olympic Amusement Park in Irvington, New Jersey. Connie remembers the marching band in navy blue satin uniforms with yellow-tasseled helmets. She was very excited. Her accordion teacher asked her to play. On the program were his older students in their late teens. But when their turn came to perform, they either forgot the lyrics or the music — and ran off the stage!

Finally, the master of ceremonies looked at tiny Connie backstage in the wings and wanted to know who let the "little kid" sneak in. Connie

was dressed in a short, starched, puffy-white dress with fancy tights trimmed in tiers of baby-blue lace.

"Is she lost or something?" the announcer asked, pointing to Connie.

Someone piped up Connie was on the program.

"What!" he yelled. "She can't play. She's not old enough to carry a tune! How can she go out there and sing when everyone else has panicked from stage fright!"

Her music teacher came forward and insisted Connie be allowed to perform on the program.

The announcer shrugged his shoulders. Reluctantly he went out on the bandstand and introduced her, expecting the worst.

Little Connie came forth and ran her dimpled fingers over the accordion's keyboard to the bouncy tune of "Anchors Aweigh!" Not for one minute did she forget any notes of music. The crowd roared its approval.

"That was the first time," Connie says today, "that I was accepted by such a big group. There were over 5,000 people

in the audience in the park, and I suddenly felt I had 5,000 friends. It was as if the park was a big family living room, and we were all having a good time."

By the time she was twelve, Connie admits to having developed into a tomboy. Toward the end of her last year in grammar school, she was told to wait in line one day to fill out forms for high school.

CONNIE had a rehearsal for a television show that afternoon, and she wanted to finish her form and run off to the TV practice.

So she strutted to the front of the line.

"I'm in a hurry for a rehearsal," she told the boy who was next to enter the special room for the form-filling. "Do you mind if I stand here?"

"Yes," the boy told her bluntly.

"But I'd like to get my form filled right away. I have a hunch of songs to rehearse."

"I don't care," the boy said. "Go back to the end of the line."

Whereupon Connie's tomboyishness came through, and she let out a wild yell that rocked

the school corridors. Her voice, echoing through the halls, disturbed the principal who came over to her and said, "Connie, of all people! I expected you to be a lady. You have such polish when you perform. You have to learn to use that polish in your everyday affairs."

THE principal spoke so kindly and so understandingly that Connie melted. "From that day on," she says, "I decided I was going to be a lady, and my tomboy era was over!"

Just a few months previous to this incident, Connie had auditioned for a juvenile variety show in Newark — George Scheck's "Startime."

"I had planned to sing for Mr. Scheck, but there were so many kid singers auditioning that he said he wasn't interested in listening to me until my dad said, 'But Connie plays the accordion.' Then, Mr. Scheck told us to come around the next day.

"I officially changed my name to Connie Francis when I got a running part on Mr. Scheck's show. People couldn't pronounce Franconera very easily, and in show business you have to have

a name that rolls off the tongue."

Soon afterward, she had her first real coast-to-coast break on TV as a singer. She appeared on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts and sang "Daddy's Little Girl" for her dad.

Three years later, Connie signed a recording contract with MGM records. But the big-time was still out of reach. She had recorded over a dozen tunes for MGM, sang in the soundtracks of a number of movies, yet nothing happened until, at eighteen, she recorded an old tune, "Who's Sorry Now?" to a rhythm beat.

As fate would have it, "Who's Sorry Now?" soared past the million sales mark in a matter of weeks, and Connie, the little girl with the big voice, was a bigtime success.

Since then, Connie's been across the United States for hundreds of personal appearances and wowed the English in recent tours abroad. She's appeared on the Dick Clark, Perry Como, Patti Page and Ed Sullivan television shows. To add to her laurels, she was voted Queen of Hearts by the 1959 Heart Fund. Seton Hall Uni-





*Connie gets some advice from her father at a recent recording session.*

versity elected her "The Outstanding Catholic Entertainer of 1959" and awarded her a beautiful centennial medal.

What about Connie's personal life? What's it like?

Since her cross-country success, the Franconeras have moved to a seven-room split-level ranch house in New Jersey. There's a pine-panelled recrea-

tion room in the basement decorated with Connie's favorite albums of her singing pals.

"All my friends," Connie says, "are up there on the wall: Frankie Avalon, Jimmie Rodgers, Fahian, Neil Sedaka, Bobby Darin. On Saturday nights I'll invite them all to a party here, and we have wonderful jam sessions. We serve cold slices of

ham, potato chips and sodas, and everybody's happy."

Connie points with pride to her spacious bedroom which she furnished herself. There's a luxurious two-inch-deep purple rug which provides strong contrast to the white walls. Her ceiling-to-floor draperies are of

a modern print: white, pink and lilac. The furniture is bone-white, flecked with tiny dots of gold. For a bedspread, Connie chose a downy lavender quilt. And all over the room there are white, pink and violet stuffed animals.

"I have only twenty now," Connie says, "but I had sixty-six of them. When we moved here, lots of the stuffed animals didn't blend in with my color scheme so I gave them away to an orphanage."

Five out of the seven closets in the Franconera's new home are crowded with Connie's fabulous dresses and gowns, the



*She learned to play the accordion almost as soon as she learned to walk!*

clothes she wears on her personal appearance tours or on TV programs. "I know where every dress is," Connie is quick to add. "On gloomy days I often wear yellow or bright red because they're colors that make me happy."

Connie's constant companion throughout her busy day is her teen-age secretary, Joyce Pigeonbacker, whom she affectionately calls Pigeon.

Connie awakes each morning at seven-thirty and has breakfast by eight o'clock. For her wake-up meal, Connie likes fresh fruit and yogurt or scrambled eggs with bacon and Melba toast ("Pigeon's dad works at a Melba toast factory," Connie explains, "and we like to be loyal. Anyway, we get all we want free!")

Connie admits that she can shower, dress and put on makeup in less than half an hour. Then, she and Pigeon take the bus to Connie's office in New York City.

"On the bus, by the way," Connie adds, "we don't talk. I memorize words to new songs. I mouth them as the bus goes roaring on, and lots of people look at me as if I'm crazy.

Pigeon makes notes about the things she should do during the day."

At the office, Connie personally reads every letter that's written to her by fans. The letters often ask for her old clothes or for advice on dating problems. The fans occasionally send her religious medals because they realize "... a star's life is so lonely." Sometimes the fans give her advice on her performances. "Don't stand so funny," one once wrote. "It makes you look as if you have a broken neck."

CONNIE agreed with the fan and has watched her posture ever since.

For lunch Connie will often have something to eat while being interviewed by reporters from newspapers and magazines. She usually orders vegetable soup, rare roast beef or two hard boiled eggs with dill pickles — "and Melba toast, naturally!"

During the afternoon Connie will rehearse her songs for new albums or TV appearances or be photographed for newspaper layouts.

Around seven o'clock in the

evening Connie and Pigeon take the bus back home. "If my mom's prepared an Italian dinner, Pigeon will stay over because she's crazy about Italian food. I prefer steak because it's not fattening and gives me lots of energy, and I like a green salad with it and fresh fruit."

Connie confesses she's never had a sweet tooth. She never eats candy, cookies, cakes or pies.

After their evening meal, Connie and her dad will go to the recreation room and listen to "test" records of new tunes on Connie's beautiful mahogany hi-fi set.

Connie's in bed before midnight because she wants at least a half hour to write in her diary. "I haven't missed a day for years," she says. "Every girl should keep a diary. I've learned so much from mine. I read back and realize sometimes where I've made mistakes. I write about all the people I've met, the things I've noticed each day, a feeling I had about a sunset or some spring flowers on the verge of budding. Or I write what I like about my favorite singers — Frank Sinatra, Eydie Gorme, Peggy Lee."

If she has time after writing in her diary, she likes to review chapters from her high school textbooks. Or she reads a novel or a magazine. She enjoys perusing personality stories about her favorite actors and actresses — Marlon Brando, Paul Newman, Ingrid Bergman.

Then, Connie says, "My eyes get drowsy and I turn out the light and fall asleep."

Easygoing, dedicated to her work, and, above all, happy, this bundle-from-heaven record queen wouldn't give up her present activities for anything — except marriage. And she feels that she isn't quite ready for that big step just yet. Connie thinks that marriage is too important a thing to rush into.

"I'm doing what I like best," she says, her dark brown eyes shining. "I don't think I could be happier!"

---

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*George Christy, who is a well-known interviewer of show business personalities, may be heard Monday through Friday evenings on the ABC radio network. Check your local listings for the exact time.*

## THE BABY SITTER



*"If you don't go to bed right this minute I'll tell the posse  
you're only in kindergarten!"*

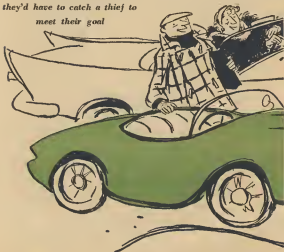
# The Seven- Cent Detectives

By MARIAN PEROWSKI

*They had to raise money in a hurry, but they never thought they'd have to catch a thief to meet their goal*

I DON'T know where Mari-jean got the idea, but it sounded good to us at the Nagomi club meeting. Maybe you think that's a funny name for a club, but we couldn't find a better one so we made it up from the initials of our first names. I'm the O — for Olivia — though I'm "Livie" most often.

Anyway, we were all steamed up about the drive to build a



*Business was great when the mayor drove up in his little sports car. "Do*



*you charge half-price for children?" he asked, laughing at his own joke.*

hospital here in Cadbury and how we'd help, until Marijean read the treasurer's report. Two words got the idea across. "Eleven cents," she announced briskly. "No, seven cents. I forgot the stamp for Mrs. Nolan's get-well card."

IRIS groaned, "We couldn't even buy the hospital a bandage," and everyone started talking at once. We take turns being president of Nagomi and it was my turn then. I rapped with the nutcracker we use for a gavel, but Marijean was on her feet. She gets ideas the way people do in cartoons. A light bulb doesn't really flash on over her head, but she gets that surprised look.

"We can earn money to contribute, and I know how!"

"Please," Audie gloomed. "We've tried your money-making schemes before. Remember when we made all that candy to sell?"

"And ate most of it ourselves," Gloria recalled, "just to be sure it was good enough."

"And the time we sent for a hundred Little Jiffy cheese graters to sell?"

"Then had to give all the

money back when people found out the handles broke off?"

Marijean nodded. "But we don't have to sell a product, we can offer a service."

"Never again!" Nancy exploded. "I still have a mark from poison ivy we got at the Graham Store's back lot, fixing up an outdoor baby-tending service."

Marijean isn't easily discouraged. "This is different."

"What'll we do?" I asked, just to keep peace. "Take in walls to wash?"

"That's close. We'll wash cars!"

And after she explained it, that wasn't a bad idea. Our town, Cadbury, is really just a commuting point on a railroad that runs to Chicago. From early morning people rush down to the station, leave their cars and catch trains in to their jobs in the city. At night they reverse the procedure, which leaves a real herd of autos parked around the station every day.

"Now," as Marijean put it, "here's what we do. We'll have to plan on next Thursday, since it's Founders Day and we don't have school. Then, we get the Woman's Club to let us use their



big parking lot next to the station for just that day. There are outside water connections and we can borrow my dad's extra long garden hose and reel. We can get some car wash compound and pay for it later out of our profits. The brushes, sponges and cloths we round up ourselves — and we're in business!"

"I get it!" from Iris. "We put up a big sign: Commuter's Car Wash. Thursday only. You park it. We wash it. \$1.00 for the benefit of Cadbury Hospital."

**B**E SURE it says Nagomi Club somewhere," Nancy added.

"We can hand out notices around town and get people to talk it up!" I was talking fast myself. "We could even use some space for service for people who don't commute. Sort of while-you-wait."

"Great. But what if it rains that day?" Gloria asked.

"There'll be other days. Even a week end, though more people keep their cars home then." Marijean was getting her Girl Crusader look. "We can't be discouraged before we start.

## Doily Easter Egg



Hard cook an egg by simmering it gently for twenty minutes. Using a commercial egg-coloring kit, dye the egg a pretty color. When it's dry, cut two snowflake patterns from a paper doily and paste one of them on each side of the egg. Cut a long strip of edging from the doily and paste around the egg the long way. You can make a lot of doily-decorated eggs for a centerpiece or for party favors.

And besides, my father says lots of businesses succeed just by furnishing some service people can't do or don't like doing."

"Well, I'm not alway overjoyed when I wash our car myself," Audie said for everyone, "hut it's a good cause . . ."

"So I'll be the chairman . . ." Marijean started.

". . . and we'll do the work," Iris finished, hut she was grinning like the rest of us.

From then 'til Thursday we really worked, first convincing our families (Nancy's father volunteered to keep an eye on us from his law office across from the station, though he politely said he'd just be our "business adviser"), then making other arrangements, getting our supplies, whooping up publicity, and hoping for clear skies.

Thursday was glorious — bright and halmy. Maybe that's why we laughed so hard when we got down to the lot at 6:15 and saw Marijean staggering along in a huge yellow rain slicker and hat.

"Avast! When does the whaleboat sail?"

"You look like someone off a cod liver oil bottle!"

"I'll handle the hose," Mari-



*The two men got off the same train.*



*that my father did. "Dad!" I yelled, "I've got something vital to tell you!"*

jean said with dignity, then looked past us. "Whee! Three cars already!"

We were in business. The lot began filling up fast, with most people stopping to talk to us until their trains came.

"Same price for children as adults?" the mayor laughed, backing his tiny foreign car into a space. "Don't shrink this one. I hardly fit in it now."

"Wonderful of you girls," cooed Mrs. Proctor over the purring horsepower of her big convertible. "I'll bring you some candy from the city."

The only sour note came when

I turned and saw the dingy green car pull in just over the edge of the lot and stop. "Please, sir," I wigwagged frantically. "Into a space on the other side!"

The man who rolled down the window looked right through me. He didn't see our sign at all. "Easy to drive off from this spot," he muttered sideways. "Near the highway."

But the man with him was nicer. "Little girl, is it illegal to park around the Cadbury station?"

"No, sir, but —" The station lot was partly filled, except the bumpy part way back, and our

## "Seaworthy" Belt

Make this nautical belt from a length of white rope long enough to go around your waist twice. Double the rope and tack it together with loops at intervals of a few inches. Stitch a huckle to one end of the belt and a short piece of leather to the other end. Punch a few holes in the leather piece and you're all ready to unfurl your sails.



lot was nearly full. I pointed to our sign, "We're washing cars today for just a dollar."

The cross man turned away. "We don't want it."

I hadn't noticed Marijean come up, but at least I was used to her in that yellow slicker. "Can't afford not to have one, Mister." She spoke up suddenly and the men jumped. "We could let you leave your car here, but it's going to look pretty dirty next to all the clean ones. You could pay now or later."

"Too odd looking, eh?" The men were talking, but I couldn't see their faces. Then a hand poked out. "All right. Here's a dollar."

"Shall we brush it out inside?" Marijean piped up.

"Don't bother." And the cross man locked the doors before they both hurried toward the trains.

Marijean was her Girl Executive self again, surveying our lot. "We'll never get all those done. Audie," she called, "you start scrubbing tires. Livie, you brush and dust the insides. Nancy . . ." and she went flapping down the line.

I hardly had time to say good-bye to my dad when he came

running by to his train. He works for a newspaper in Chicago. "I parked back there. Treat the old bus gently, Liv. I may be late if I'm working on those grocery store robberies again today, but I'll phone Mom. Bye!"

MY ARMS were aching by the time I swept and dusted a dozen cars. Luckily, we only did ones where people left the doors unlocked, since Nancy's father insisted we have owners take their keys along. "Ugh," I groaned as I came up to the old green car again. I felt glad the man had said "Don't bother" about the inside, but guilty too, because, really, we'd high-pressured them into a car wash. Maybe they couldn't afford to spend a dollar like that. Then I noticed one of the back doors. The little plunger on the lock was up, meaning the door was open.

"Oh, well," I sighed, "we might as well bother. Maybe they'll be glad about the dollar if their car looks nicer." So I started. Brush the seats, empty the ashtray, wipe the mirror, then the dashboard. I could hear the other girls as I poked



"Awwk!" Marijean yelped in my ear. "I was wondering why you're so slow, but —" she pointed, "is that a real gun?"

"D-don't know," I chattered. "~~I never saw a real one.~~"

~~"Push it back! It's not our business what people own. Let's get out of here."~~ She stopped. "Don't say anything to the others. They might get scared." Gloria was coming with the suds bucket.

"Maybe we should tell somebody — maybe Nancy's Dad — or would we sound like snoopers?"

"He was just here and gone. Maybe you could run over when we stop for lunch, or maybe he'll come back."

But he didn't come, and by the time I got to his office, his secretary said he'd been called to the courthouse, maybe for all day. When I rushed back to Marijean, she was happily thumbing through a big handful of dollars, and I don't think she'd have noticed if we found a cannon in somebody's car.

"Thirty-two, thirty-three . . . sixteen from drive-ups alone so far . . . thirty-four . . . shh, I'll lose count . . ." Talking to her was hopeless.

the long brush on a final sweep around the floor. Then, under the front seat, the brush hit something — and swept out a gun!



*Marijean turned the hose full force on the men. That stopped them!*

I sat down on an old bucket to think. The green car was just ahead, clean and ready to go. Something about it scared me, or maybe it was just the owners. I looked around. No telling when they'd be back. They weren't Cadbury people, at least not like the ones I know. Iris and Nancy came along just as I made up my mind.

**A**LADY of leisure!" Iris gasped. "Your dust cloth awaits, madame."

"Right with you!" But first I ran to the green car, reached inside past the wheel, then careful locked the doors just the way the men had left them. Working on an afternoon paper, my dad was usually through by four o'clock. He'd probably be back tonight before the two men and then I could tell him everything.

The wind that came up as the sun got lower helped dry the cars as we washed them, but it made our eyes gritty and our skin tight.

"Wrinkles! I have one hundred on my hands from water," Gloria noticed as we finished the last cars.

"They'll disappear," Marijean consoled, waving to customers from the earlier evening trains.

"If my hands don't disappear first!" grumbled Gloria.

I kept looking for my dad every few minutes, and even then almost missed him when he came in really late on the 5:57. I dropped everything and ran past the green car and across the shadows on our nearly empty lot. Only Marijean and I were left, since the other girls have earlier dinner hours.

"Dad!" I called, then stopped. Far down at the very end of the platform the men from the green car were just getting off the train!

"Dad!" I threw myself at him, talking wildly. He listened, asked a few questions, then grabbed me by the shoulders, looked back at the men, then their car. He turned me around.

"Quick! Find Marijean and run, both of you."

"But where are you going?" I gasped.

"For help. Now just get out of here!"

But I couldn't find Marijean, and the men were at their car, opening the door. Desperately, I looked around, then spied the



hose trailing around the corner of the lot. And there was Marijean tidily flushing off the concrete!

"Come on, run!"

She looked up. "Can't hear. Almost thought you said run."

"I did. Drop the hose!" And I tried to yank her away. She wouldn't let go, but backed around the corner with me. The men were in their car, trying hard to get it started. I couldn't help grinning at that. They were arguing, then they got out, not sure what to do next. Nobody else was in sight as I dragged Marijean toward the road. Then they saw us.

I was so petrified that I could hardly move, and Marijean still didn't know what was going on. The men, and I was sure they were up to no good, started running toward us.

"Hey, what's the matter?" demanded Marijean. "Why are you dragging me around and why are those men chasing you?"

"They're not chasing me," I told her, "They're chasing us!"

But this was no time for explanations; we had to get out of here in a hurry. The only trouble was that there wasn't any place for us to hide. And Mari-

jean's yellow slicker made her stand out like a beacon. Since she refused to let go of the hose, we couldn't get very far even if we had the time.

Something had to happen soon or Marijean and I would be the first patients in Cadbury's new hospital!

"Those kids! They did it. Catch 'em!" yelled one of those men.

Half a block away I could see Dad and Deputy Hanrahan rushing out of the squad car, but the men were nearer.

"The hose!" I breathed, and with one swoop Marijean aimed it right at them! Slipping, sliding and yelling, everyone ended up in a heap, but Dad and the deputy came out on top with the two strangers much meeker when wearing handcuffs.

Naturally Dad's newspaper made a big thing out of one of its own reporters helping capture the Chicago grocery store robbers — "with the aid of his daughter."

**I**T told how I had seen the gun in the car and then turned on the car radio and left it running softly all day so the car's battery would run down

and the car wouldn't start. It even told how I'd done that once accidentally to our own car and Dad made me pay for recharging the battery out of my allowance, just so I'd be more careful, and it added how I'd planned to apologize and pay for the strangers' battery if I'd been wrong.

It even explained how the robbers would leave their car parked at different commuter stations and then take trains back and forth to their holdups, getting lost in crowds of people every time. It also called me brave and daring!

Our little paper here men-

tioned it too, but the Cadbury Clarion liked strictly local news. That's why it gave even more space to the hospital drive, but I was in that too, since I'm part of Nagomi. After our big success with the car wash day and counting part of the reward money, Nagomi gave more than any local social club so far — \$263.78! Not bad for six girls who started out with only seven cents, is it?

But it's Marijean's turn to be president this month, and she's called a special meeting for tomorrow. Somehow, I can hardly wait to hear what she'll dream up for us to do next.

---

## HISTORY OF THE EASTER EGG

*THE custom of coloring eggs goes back to a time before the earliest written records of our civilizations. Writings of the ancient Persians tell us that people colored eggs and enjoyed the custom as far back as 5,000 years B.C.*

*They regarded the egg as a symbol of the world and colored it red to represent the force of life. These ancient people celebrated the return of spring as the beginning of a new year, for it meant the start of new crops and the renewed source of their food supply. They held great spring festivals and gave the colored eggs to one another as tokens of good will.*

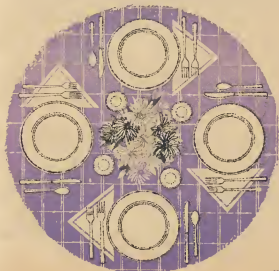
*As civilization progressed and the custom became increasingly popular, other colors for the eggs were introduced. The people used logwood, onion skins, furze flowers and pieces of brightly dyed cloth—and the colors produced were yellow, violet, pink, red, gold and green.*

*Actual records tell that the earliest Aryan tribes colored and decorated eggs in the spring. A few specimens, bearing ancient Aryan symbols, are in European museums today. The old nursery story of Jack and the Beanstalk is of Aryan origin and one of the hero's feats is stealing the hen that laid the golden eggs.*

# Cooking FOR BRUNCH

*If you're like most people, one of the things you look forward to all week is the chance to sleep a little later on week ends. While it is luxurious to get up an hour or two later than usual, you probably find that your tummy demands to be fed. What could be better, then, than to prepare a brunch that will*

*delight the whole family. Mother will appreciate your thoughtfulness and Dad will be pleased at your ability to fix a tempting meal for the family. Your brothers and sisters may tease you, but they'll also ask for second helpings! If you're planning a pajama party, there is no better way to treat your friends than to serve a delicious breakfast that you've fixed yourself.*



## **Bran Griddle Cakes**

*(Makes about 12 cakes)*

<i>2 cups sifted flour</i>	<i>3 tablespoons sugar</i>
<i>3 teaspoons baking powder</i>	<i>1 cup bran cereal</i>
<i>1 teaspoon baking soda</i>	<i>1 cup hot water</i>
<i><math>\frac{1}{2}</math> teaspoon salt</i>	<i>1 egg</i>
<i>1 <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> cups milk</i>	

Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda, salt and sugar. Combine the bran cereal and hot water. Beat the egg with the milk; stir in bran cereal mixture. Add sifted dry ingredients, stirring only until combined. Bake on a preheated griddle until browned on both sides, turning only once. Serve with brown sugar, maple-blended syrup, honey or jelly.



## **Coconut Corn Rings**

*(Makes 2 servings)*

<i>2 egg whites</i>	<i>2 cups corn flakes</i>
<i>1 cup brown or granulated sugar</i>	<i><math>\frac{1}{2}</math> cup chopped nuts</i>
<i><math>\frac{1}{2}</math> teaspoon vanilla flavoring</i>	<i>1 cup flaked coconut</i>

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in sugar, vanilla, corn-flakes, nuts and coconut. Drop by spoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet and shape into rings about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter. Bake in a moderate oven ( $350^{\circ}$  F.) about 15 minutes until lightly browned. Remove immediately from the baking sheet. Serve with fresh or frozen fruit in the center of each ring. Incidentally, you can scramble the left-over egg yolks with other whole eggs for another course of your brunch.



### **Broiled Grapefruit**

*(Makes 4 servings)*

*2 grapefruit      2 teaspoons butter*

*3 teaspoons brown sugar or honey      1 teaspoon cinnamon*

Cut each grapefruit in half. Separate the segments with a grapefruit knife. Sprinkle each half with 2 teaspoons of the brown sugar or honey,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of butter. Place grapefruit halves in the broiler rack three inches from the heat. Broil slowly 15 to 20 minutes or until grapefruit is slightly brown and heated through. If desired, grapefruit may be baked in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

### **Banana French Toast**

*(Makes 4 Servings)*

*2/3 cup evaporated milk      1 can (12 ounces) luncheon meat*

*2 eggs      3 bananas*

*12 slices bread      maple-blended syrup*

Beat together evaporated milk and eggs in shallow dish. Dip bread slices into mixture; brown on both sides in butter in a skillet or frying pan. Cut the luncheon meat crosswise into 12 slices; place two meat slices on each of 6 slices of the bread. Top each with half a banana, sliced. Top with remaining bread slices. Pour maple-blended syrup on each serving.

### **Honey Orange Bread**

<i>2 tablespoons shortening</i>	<i>2¼ teaspoons baking powder</i>
<i>1 cup honey</i>	<i>½ teaspoon baking soda</i>
<i>1 egg</i>	<i>¼ teaspoon salt</i>
<i>1 ½ tablespoons grated orange rind</i>	<i>¾ cup orange juice</i>
<i>2 ½ cups sifted flour</i>	<i>1 cup bran cereal</i>

Blend shortening and honey; add egg and orange rind and beat well. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt and stir into first mixture alternately with orange juice. Stir in the bran cereal. Pour into greased 5¼" x 9½" loaf pan and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for one hour and ten minutes. This is a good breakfast bread because it is just sweet enough to perk up a lazy appetite. Because it contains cereal and juice, all you need serve with it are bacon and eggs.



### **Corn Flakes Waffles**

*(Makes 7 servings)*

<i>1 ½ cups sifted flour</i>	<i>2 cups corn flakes</i>
<i>4 teaspoons baking powder</i>	<i>2 eggs, separated</i>
<i>½ teaspoonful salt</i>	<i>1 ¾ cups milk</i>
<i>2 tablespoons sugar</i>	<i>¼ cup shortening, melted</i>

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Crush the corn flakes into fine crumbs. Mix with the sifted dry ingredients. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Beat egg yolks until thick; add milk, dry ingredients and cooled melted shortening, stirring only until combined. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in hot waffle iron until brown and crisp.

# PENNY

By  
HAENIGSEN

SPEND A WEEK WITH THIS  
LIVELY MISS WHO COMES TO  
YOU RIGHT FROM THE FUNNY  
PAGES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY



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TUESDAY



WEDNESDAY







THURSDAY



FRIDAY

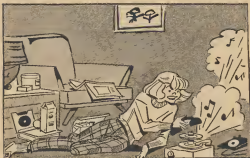


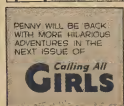
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SUNDAY





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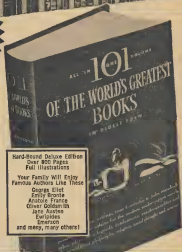
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*If it hadn't been for my pet, my sister's life would have been*



*The guests leaped up and ran, trying to escape from Herbert.*

*utterly ruined. But did anybody thank me? Not on your life!*

# Herbert TO THE RESCUE!

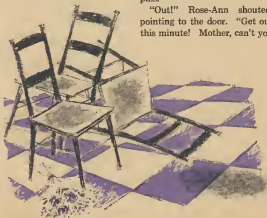
By ARLENE HALE

WE were both in the dog house, Herbert and I, which is a funny thing, considering neither of us is a dog. Honestly, all we did was stick our noses into Rose-Ann's room up-

stairs to see how the fitting for her wedding dress was coming.

Rose-Ann looked at me as if I were a werewolf or something and screamed so that Mother nearly swallowed a mouthful of pins.

"Out!" Rose-Ann shouted, pointing to the door. "Get out this minute! Mother, can't you



*Personally, I couldn't see the reason for all the excitement.*

do something about that monstrosity and her horrible pets?"

I wasn't sure what a monstrosity was but coming from Rose-Ann I knew it couldn't be good. Mother looked kind of harried, and no wonder! I had no idea so much work went into a simple, country garden wedding.

"I'm warning you, Mother, something must be done about that child while Mrs. Blake and Johnnie are here," Rose-Ann said. "I won't have Mrs. Blake see her in those dirty jeans with her shirt tail flapping and with those grubby hands. I'd be just too ashamed!"

"For Pete's sakes," I interrupted. "Who are you marrying, Mrs. Blake or Johnnie?"

"Mother!" Rose-Ann screamed again.

"Oh, gracious, Judy. Scoot!" Mother frowned. "Be sure Herbert goes with you. I've got enough trouble on my hands as it is."

I turned indignantly and stalked to the door, Herbert at my heels.

"You'd better be nice to me, Rose-Ann or I won't be that silly flower girl and put on that silly dress!"

Then I banged the door shut. I went on down the hall toward Sharon's room. Now Sharon's got more sense than to cause all this fuss. Funny thing though, a few months ago it was she who was going to marry Johnnie Blake instead of Rose-Ann. Then they had a hang-up fight. I heard part of it and it would have put a TV Western to shame. For a minute there I thought I was going to have to ride for the sheriff.

AFTER that Johnnie stopped coming for awhile and then the next thing I knew he was taking Rose-Ann out.

As I passed Sharon's closed door I could hear a funny noise inside. Herbert and I, being the curious type, poked our noses into the second mistake of the day.

Sharon was crying. Honestly, she sounded like our old cow when her calf has gone astray. She had her face buried in a pillow and I saw a bundle of old letters tied with a ribbon beside her.

"Sharon —"

She sat up like a thunderbolt had struck her and glared at me.

"Can't a person have any



privacy in this house?"

I blinked. That wasn't at all like Sharon. Sharon's usually my pal. Rose-Ann is so fragile and doll-like and always putting on airs, but Sharon's down to earth. She isn't afraid of a worm and can bait her own hook. She can make straighter garden rows than Mother.

But the next thing I knew there Sharon was sailing a pillow through the air at me. I ducked and headed for the hall again.

"Get out of here and leave me alone!" Sharon yelled.

What was there to do but go? So, that's how Herbert and I happened to be in the dog house. Everybody was mad at us, even Dad. But then, Dad was mad at the whole world. The simple little garden wedding was going to cost him a pretty penny. Mother was mad at anyone or anything that got in her way. She was always running around, tearing her hair, muttering, "I'll never live through it. I know I won't!"

"Well, Herbert," I sighed, "let's walk down to the creek."

I took my old cane pole out of the garage and a rusty tin can that still had a few worms

## Photo Whirl



Your favorite photos are all visible at a touch with "photo whirl." Place the top and bottom of small tin pie plates back to back, put a nail through the middle of both and cover all sharp edges with adhesive tape. Cut a length of broomstick and cut slits in it lengthwise every  $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Glue the broomstick to the tin plates, paint it and insert snapshots in each slot.

left in it and went fishing. Herbert snuggled up beside me. In the sun his black and white fur was thick and shiny. I stroked his head. I'd had him ever since he was a baby and I loved him dearly.

"They just don't appreciate you," I told him. "Never mind, Herbert. I'll help you hunt some field mice pretty soon."

USUALLY I like fishing but today I just couldn't seem to keep my mind on the old cork bobber. Herbert was restless too. So we gave it up and tramped the fields. Herbert hunted mice and I chased butterflies. There was an old log across the creek that we usually crossed on. Now I've run across it a million times but wouldn't you know it? I lost my footing and plunged head first into the water! It just wasn't my day.

Herbert watched from the bank, his tail held high like a flag.

"You needn't laugh!" I yelled.

Now even *I* was yelling. Dripping wet and covered with mud, I went home. I hoped to sneak in and get cleaned up before anyone saw me and had reason to chew my ears off again.

As Herbert and I neared the house I skidded to a halt. Johnnie's car was just coming to a stop and his mother was with him! They arrived a day early. The wedding rehearsal wasn't to be until tomorrow.

"Glory be!" I whispered to Herbert. "This is one fine kettle of fish. Guess you'd better stay in the barn."

I put Herbert in the barn with instructions for him to stay there. He gave me an indignant, glittering look, turned around, waved his tail at me and went to curl up in the hay for a snooze.

I could just imagine Rose-Ann throwing her hands up in an agonized way, Mother tearing her hair and Dad muttering to himself, trying to figure out what to do with these guests that had arrived early. Then if I appeared on the scene in my sad condition — well!

To make a long story short, I made it as far as the east side of the house by crawling behind the lilac bushes. There was a good, sturdy rose trellis that reached up as high as my upstairs window and I'd climbed up and down it more than once.

As I said, it just wasn't my

day. I was about half way up and going strong when I heard voices directly beneath me. My foot slipped and I made a wild grab but I missed. I ended up in a heap right at Mrs. Blake's feet!

"Oh, dear!" she shouted. "What on earth?"

She looked at me as if I were a little green man from Mars. Rose-Ann got a most ghastly color and I think Mother would have fainted if Dad hadn't put his strong arm around her.

Mrs. Blake kept brushing at her dress with her soft, white

hand as if I'd actually splattered on her!

"I'm sorry!" I muttered. "I



*Sharon was crying her eyes out. I wished there was something I could do.*

fell in the creek. Is that such a crime?"

I guess I didn't sound very nice.

"Judy, you apologize right this minute!" Rose-Ann said.

The only friendly face in the whole group was Johnnie's. He had a twinkle in his eye and I think he wanted to laugh but didn't dare. I looked for Sharon, hoping she'd got over her mad and would take my part, but she wasn't anywhere around.

"Children will be children," Mother said nervously.

"Hmm. Yes, I suppose so," Mrs. Blake answered.

I could swear her nose raised another inch in the air. Then with a good many dark looks cast in my direction, I slunk into the house and made a bee-line for the bathroom.

AS SOON as I could after a scrubbing and clean clothes, I escaped to the safety of the barn. Herbert was awake and glad to see me. He got in my lap and I rubbed his soft fur until it cracked with electricity.

"Hi."

A shadow filled the barn door. I looked up and found Johnnie

there, grinning at me.

"Good grief, what have you got there?"

"Only Herbert," I said sadly. "Rose-Ann always makes me bring him out here when you are around."

"Quiet a pet," Johnnie grinned. "Say, do you make an entrance like that very often?"

I laughed. I liked Johnnie. I wished he and Sharon had never had that fight. Johnnie walked up and down, his hands in his pockets.

"Say, does Rose-Ann get angry like that very often?"

"Ha!" I said. "You should just try living around her!"

Johnnie frowned and bit his lip.

"How's — how's Sharon been?"

I decided to give it to him straight.

"Bawlin' her eyes out and mooning over your old letters."

Just then Sharon came in the barn but I guess she didn't bear what I'd said. She didn't see Johnnie right away either. She just looked at me with her big, brown, sad eyes and smiled a little.

"Sorry I bit your head off this afternoon, Judy," she

said. "You too, Herbert."

Then she caught sight of Johnnie and she stood there as if her feet had suddenly taken root like the big old oaks around the house. She went kind of white, then her cheeks got pink and then, well, she just turned and ran like a scared rabbit.

JOHNNIE let out a yell and went after her. The next thing I knew they were having another battle. Sharon marched inside the house and Johnnie sulked on the porch.

Oh boy, if this wedding ever comes off, and everyone lives through it, I'll believe in miracles!

By noon the next day, the garden began to look like maybe a wedding could take place there. Then after lunch we went into rehearsal. Sharon looked awfully pale and there were dark rings under her eyes. Johnnie was fidgety and kept looking from Rose-Ann to Sharon and then back again.

"Over here, dear," Mrs. Blake was saying. "Be sure to walk in time to the music, Rose-Ann."

"Of course, Mrs. Blake," Rose-Ann smiled sweetly. "I'm just a little nervous."

All the time I knew Rose-Ann wanted to stamp her foot and do it her own way. Somehow we all survived the rehearsal and the great day was upon us. I wiggled and squirmed as Mother helped me climb into the frilly, lacy flower girl dress. Personally, I'd rather be roaming the fields with Herbert than throwing petals on the bridal path. Poor Herbert! He's been locked up for two days now.

Then it was time. Everyone was jittery as the wedding march began and I started my little parade down the garden aisle, strewing my ridiculous petals. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Blake, her nose conspicuously high in the air. I almost giggled wondering what she'd do if I'd suddenly trip and throw petals everywhere. I had half a notion to do it but I knew Rose-Ann would skin me alive afterward.

The bridesmaids were coming now and poor Sharon

looked like some pale, unhappy ghost. Dad and Rose-Ann had just reached the altar when all of a sudden I saw Herbert!

Somehow or other he must have escaped the barn and in his loneliness came looking for me. I motioned for him to go back, but instead he came parading straight down the aisle.

Mrs. Blake saw him and shrieked. The music stopped. People began talking. Everyone jumped up and chairs tumbled all over. Herbert was attracted by Mrs. Blake's yell. I don't know, maybe he thought it was a mating call or something, but anyway, he went to investigate.

"Judy! Get him out of here!" Rose-Ann screamed, stamping her foot.

By now Johnnie made a dive for him but Herbert had been penned up too long. He thought Johnnie was playing. He began running around in between people's legs, leading the chase, and everyone was shrieking like banshees. Mrs. Blake was paste white, holding her skirts up with one hand and

hanging on to her hat with the other.

"Get him out of here! Save me!"

Herbert stopped before her, eyed her, turned on his heel and hoisted his tail into the air. For a moment there was absolute silence as everyone stood waiting, paralyzed, wondering what Herbert was about to do. But I knew Herbert wouldn't do anything *that* drastic. Even Herbert has manners.

**B**UT at the sight of Herbert poised for possible action, Mrs. Blake fainted dead away. Sharon reached her first. Rose-Ann was wailing like a spoiled baby. Mother was quietly going mad. Dad was hiding a grin behind his hand. As for me, I was on my hands and knees crawling in between legs, over chairs and guests, getting stepped on, kicked and squashed as I pursued poor, frightened Herbert in all the excited scrahhle. Honestly, you'd think people had never seen a pet like Herbert before.

Sharon managed to comfort Mrs. Blake and Johnnie



*Mrs. Blake looked at me as if I were  
a little green man from Mars.  
"Good heavens!" she shrieked, "who are you?"*

was hovering nearby.

"It seems to me, Johnnie Blake, you could concern yourself with me a little bit!" Rose-Ann was wailing.

"Oh, hold on to your temper for once!" Johnnie said angrily.

"Oh!" Rose-Ann stamped her foot. "Oh! I didn't know you could be so impossible."

With Johnnie to help her, Sharon got Mrs. Blake into the house. Johnnie flashed Sharon a warm smile and Sharon's face lit up like a sunrise.

"You're being very kind," Johnnie said. "I know Mother's a little eccentric —"

"Isn't everyone?" Sharon asked. "Even me. I'm sorry I quarrelled with you yesterday, Johnnie."

"Me too," Johnnie said. "Golly, Sharon, you're great!"

Well, to make a long story short, Herbert and I are no longer in the dog house. In fact, we're kind of celebrities around here now.

At first, Dad wasn't very happy having to pay for an expensive wedding that never came off, until it occurred to him he might have to pay for a second. But Sharon and Johnnie spared him that and took the easy way out. They eloped.

Mother has stopped tearing her hair and is happy to have peace and quiet again. Of course, Rose-Ann isn't speaking to me and is pouting up in her room but it won't last long. Already there's been five boys phoning her for dates. Any day now she'll give up her big act and go out with one of them.

As for Herbert, well he was the one that really came to the rescue. When he made his appearance at the wedding, I guess everyone showed their true colors.

But I don't for the life of me understand what all the fuss was over. Why, I've had Herbert ever since he was a baby. Nicest pet skunk I ever had!

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Answers to Presidential Quiz on page 38.

1. John Adams 2. Herbert Hoover 3. Andrew Jackson 4. Zachary Taylor 5. Thomas Jefferson 6. Harry S. Truman 7. Abraham Lincoln 8. Grover Cleveland 9. James Monroe 10. Warren Harding 11. Wm. Henry Harrison 12. Dwight Eisenhower 13. Franklin Roosevelt 14. James Madison 15. U. S. Grant 16. Calvin Coolidge 17. Theodore Roosevelt 18. Wm. McKinley 19. Woodrow Wilson 20. George Washington



# Spring Fashion Song

Spring is here and our thoughts turn to new fashions for this pleasant season. Jubilee interprets two classic silhouettes in a new bright way. Left: Double-breasted, velvet collared chesterfield coat in wool herringbone, 7-14, about \$25. Right: A star checked wool slim edged with braid at cardigan neckline and front closing. Preteen 6-14, \$35. Both at Wm. Taylor Son & Co., Cleveland.





# Spring Fashion Song

A day in the country calls for the prettiest dress in your wardrobe, and this season the spotlight is on the jacket dress. Left: A sleeveless boat neck style boasts a white bodice atop a full, full skirt of white-dotted navy Everglaze cotton sateen. Bright red patent belt. Pretty nosegay trims matching bolero. By Bobby Tern. Preteen 8-14, about \$8. Bon Marche, Seattle. Below: A real little girl look. Ruffles edge a perky cropped jacket of white embossed cotton pique worn over a navy and white windowpane plaid cotton dress. Sleeveless, high neck dress has a high white pique bodice. Velvet ribbon on jacket matches blue of plaid. By Mary Jane. 7-14, \$8. J. L. Brandeis, Omaha.



# Spring Fashion Song

Spring sings the praises of plaid head and long. Below: In a crisp plaid basketweave cotton, Deb-trix does a back-buttoned, fringed poncho worn over a sleeveless dress of solid-color rayon. White braid outlines the square neck and front opening. 7-14, about \$9. Ben Marche, Seattle. Right: Muted glen plaid rayon-acetate suit dress by Courtoona. Velvet collar, new looking on double-breasted short jacket. Stitched down box pleated skirt. Preteen 6-14, about \$13. At Bloomingdale's, New York.





Garson photographed by VIVIAN GROZIER at Museum of Natural History, New York





# THE GIRLS GIVE A PARTY

*Being hostess to a dozen little boys  
is a pretty tough way to earn money*

By FLORENCE M. DAVIS

KAREN came out and plumped herself down on the top step of the porch beside her twin sister, Kathy, who sat scowling.

"Look!" Karen said, moving closer and waving the calendar she had borrowed from the kitchen wall. "Today is April second. We have exactly



*what they were doing sent chills racing up Karen's spine.*

thirteen weeks to earn fifty dollars."

"Fifty? I thought it was a hundred. Camp costs twenty-five a week, doesn't it, and you can't go for less than two weeks. For both of us that's a hundred dollars and we'd have to have a little extra."

"Well, then, call it seventy-five," Karen said, grudgingly. "Daddy said he'd pay for one week and of course Mom would buy clothes. We've got a lot left from last year like blankets and things, though. But how can we earn all that money? What can we do?"

Katby shook her head so violently her blond pony-tail twitched back and forth.

"I dunno," she said, "but let's close our eyes and *think* for five minutes. Maybe we'll get an idea."

They squeezed their blue eyes shut and sat silent . . . two identical thirteen-year-old girls, dressed in dungarees and clean white T-shirts. But with the problem of financing a trip to their beloved Maine camp, their usual smiles were missing and their chubby faces sober.

Light footsteps came running up the walk and their eyes flew

open as a gay voice said, "What! Sleeping so early in the day?" It was their next door neighbor, Mrs. Ralston, and they grinned up at her as they moved over to let her by.

"We're busy thinking," Karen explained. Mrs. Ralston laughed.

"Oh, well, don't let me interrupt you," she said. "I just want to see your mother a minute."

"SHE'S in the kitchen," Katby said, and in the silence that followed as they again concentrated on their problem, Mrs. Ralston's voice floated out to them from the back of the house.

"Oh, Harriet," she was saying, "I'm sunk. Next Wednesday is Tod's birthday and he was so disappointed when I suggested skipping a party. You'd think in nine years he'd be fed up with having a party every birthday. But not him. I wish some fairy would spring up who could touch a magic wand and take the whole thing off my hands. I don't want to let him down but I just don't feel up to a party. Last year soda pop got spilled all over the divan, and they hanged on the piano



till I had to lock it!"

Karen's eyes flew open and she gave her twin a poke.

"You hear that?" she hissed.

"Hear what?" Kathy asked.

"What Mrs. Ralston is saying. Maybe she'd pay us to put Tod's party on for him." Kathy's eyes flew open then, and the twins stared at each other. Then as one they scrambled to their feet and sped toward the kitchen.

"Oh, Mrs. Ralston," Karen said, "we have to earn some money. Would you be willing to pay us to put Tod's party on for you?"

Mrs. Ralston looked at them, surprised, and Mrs. Saunders said, sounding rather shocked,

"Why girls!"

But Mrs. Ralston began to smile.

"I sure would," she said, "if you didn't charge too much."

"Why, girls!" their mother said again. "You don't know anything about giving parties."

"We don't?" Karen sounded amazed. "We've been to enough of them, haven't we? We ought to know by now what kind of games kids like. How many did you plan to have, Mrs. Ralston?"

"Tod wants to ask ten — all

the boys in his room at school. But no girls." She laughed.

The twins looked at each other, a little dashed.

"Boys are harder," Karen said slowly. "Would you pay two dollars, if we did everything? That is, you provide the refreshments, and stuff, but we'd serve and clean up afterward, and all."

"Two? I'd pay five!" Mrs. Ralston said, delighted. The twins grabbed and hugged each other.

**W**E'RE in business!" Karen shouted, and Kathy said,

"C'mon out on the porch, Mrs. Ralston, and let's talk about it."

"I'll make the birthday cake and of course we'll have ice cream and snappers with the paper hats," Tod's mother said. "It's the noise and having to think up games and the mess that I don't like."

"We'll have it outdoors if it's a good day," Karen said. "Boys can be awfully destructive in the house."

"Maybe we'd better start with a peanut hunt," Kathy suggested. "A prize to the one who finds the most."

"I'll provide any prizes," Mrs. Ralston offered.

"Has Tod sent out any invitations yet?" Karen asked.

"No, but I guess he's told all the boys. That was why I couldn't talk him out of a party."

"OK, we'll make invitations and deliver them by hand," Karen said. "You give us a list of names and a handful of the peanuts you get."

"What's the big idea?" Kathy asked. "What do you need peanuts for?"

"You'll see," Karen told her.

"Now about the time, Mrs. Ralston?"

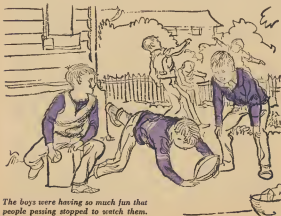
They discussed time and other details and a day or so later, Mrs. Ralston sent Tod over with some peanuts for them.

"It had better be a good party," he threatened them. "I don't want a sissy party."

"It won't be," Kathy said, and Karen added, "Maybe it will be the best party you ever had."

"Maybe," Tod said, but he didn't sound very convinced.

After lunch Karen brought



*The boys were having so much fun that people passing stopped to watch them.*

out the card table to the porch and spread out some thin sheets of typing paper and the scissors.

"You see," she told her twin, "this has to be different. If we are going to make a business of putting on parties this first one has to be good.

"What do you want me to do?" Kathy asked.

"You cut some strips of paper this size," Karen instructed her twin, "and in a minute, as soon as I get one written, I'll give you an invitation to copy." And with her tongue held between her teeth she laboriously

but neatly printed:

"Come to Tod Ralston's peanut hunt and birthday party Wednesday from 3 to 5. Don't dress up."

"Boys hate to dress up," she confided to Kathy, and thinking of their ten-year-old brother Billy, Kathy agreed.

"If it was for girls, we wouldn't say that," Karen said, thoughtfully. "Girls love to dress up."

"Yes, oh, yes. It wouldn't be a party for girls if they wore their everyday clothes. We'll remember that if we are lucky



Illustrations by HAROLD HERRON

enough to get any more parties," Kathy said.

Presently the invitations, rolled up small enough to fit into a split peanut shell emptied of its kernel, and with a tag tied around it with an elastic, on which was the boy's name, were delivered by the two party girls on their bikes.

"Now," Karen stated, when they arrived home and were getting cooled off with a glass of lemonade their mother had thoughtfully prepared, "we've got to think up some good games. The peanut hunt won't last more than half an hour, and if there's anything that's dull at a party it's having things slow up."

"That's right," Kathy said.

SO THINK now, Kath, at all parties we have been to what were the games we liked best?"

"Wow!" said Kathy, but she wrinkled her forehead in thought, finally coming up with the suggestion that they *don't* play Pin the Donkey's Tail. "It's been done at so many parties everyone is sick of it."

"That's right, but I know one. Remember once at the

Sunday School party we picked up cellophane fishes and carried them across the room on straws, sucking in our breaths?"

"Yes, that was fun. Only we all got to laughing so we couldn't hold our breaths and the fishes kept dropping off."

"That's just it," said Karen. "That's the fun of the game. Let's put that down."

"We can make fishes out of some leftover cellophane from last Christmas," Kathy said, sucking her pencil tip. "So it won't cost anything."

"That's right," Karen agreed. "Mothers won't like it if we make it too expensive."

"I know another good game. Remember once they lined up two teams and batted balloons back and forth. If you missed the other side got it and you dropped out."

"Oh, fine!" Karen's pony-tail quivered with enthusiasm and she wrote down Balloon Game. "They don't cost much. Another thing that's fun is to give them a stick of gum to chew and a card and they make a little animal of the gum and put it on the card. A prize for the best one."

Kathy considered this idea.

"That's OK for an outdoor party. But once I played it somewhere and the gum got stuck onto everything."

And so it went. Wracking their brains, they thought up a number of other games. The day before the party, watching till they saw Tod go off to play baseball with some of his pals, the two girls ran over to his house and hid the peanuts. It was a pretty ranch type with a big yard and outdoor furniture. There were shrubbery and bird houses as well. Mrs. Ralston called them in afterward to sample the cookies she was making for the party.

"This is a wonderful idea," she told them. "I think you'll get a lot of business. I'll be glad to tell it around."

"Oh, thank you," Karen said.

Kathy the pessimist said, "Maybe you'd better wait and see if it goes off all right. We never did it before."

"If only it doesn't rain tomorrow!" Karen frowned up at the cloudless blue sky.

It didn't. Wednesday was as perfect as an April day could be and there was no doubt it could be an outdoor party. And on Wednesday the schools closed

early to accommodate any pupils who might have to take trips to the dentist or go shopping with their parents. No one with these needs had been invited to Tod's party, it appeared, for some minutes before the appointed hour, the ten lively blue-jeaned boys had gathered, and with squirrel-bright eyes, were capering about Tod's yard, waiting for the party to start.

"W E'D better get them started on the peanut hunt," Kathy said, nervously, as they started taking turns jumping over the tulip bed, just missing the gay scarlet blossoms.

"OK. Tod's about finished opening his gifts," Karen said. "Let's keep things hopping—we don't want anyone to get bored."

The peanut hunt was exciting and the boys didn't do any more damage than to dig a few holes in the lawn with their heels and break a few twigs off the flowering shrubs accidentally as they searched for the hidden peanuts. The girls had the games planned to follow one another rapidly but somehow none of them seemed to take as much time as they had planned. It was only four o'clock when the games

were all run through.

"What'll we do next?" Billy demanded, running up to his sisters.

"We're going to get the refreshments ready," Karen said, "and you boys can help bring out some chairs." The boys were more than willing and even offered to help with the trays al-

though they got in each other's way and created considerable confusion before they were all seated at the table in the patio. It looked very attractive with a paper cloth spread upon it, and the bright paper plates and cups Mrs. Ralston had bought added a gay note of color. The big birthday cake stood in the

*Karen aimed the hose at the hornets. "I'll fix it!" she cried.*





center with ten candles on it.

"They ought to go home after this," Karen told her twin, rushing past her with a tray of empty dishes to be filled with seconds on the ice cream.

"They won't," Kathy said, gloomily. She glanced at the clock in the kitchen. "They're nearly through and it's not even half past four. What shall we do?"

Karen thought, then said, "Find Mrs. Ralston while I fill these dishes and ask her if we can take the basketball — they can take turns throwing it into the net on the garage."

"That's not party stuff," Kathy said, over her shoulder, as she went to look for Mrs. Ralston who was cozily seated on the porch, leaving everything to her two "party girls."

Returning, Kathy reported they could use the basketball and if that wasn't enough, they could set up the croquet set. Both were in the toolshed.

"Tod knows where," Kathy said. "It's too bad we didn't keep the most exciting game for the last," she added, thoughtfully.

"Yes." Karen nodded. "We'll plan better next time. And let's

go to the library soon and get out that fat book of games and find some that take a long time to play." She picked up the tray of seconds and Kathy followed her with a freshly filled pitcher of pink lemonade.

THE boys were feeling very much at home by this time and were so hilarious and noisy people passing by stopped to look in, and then went on, grinning, it was so evident they were really enjoying themselves.

Tod and Billy came running back from the toolshed.

"I'm not going in." Tod declared. "There's a big hornet's nest hanging right inside the door!"

"Who's afraid of an ol' hornet's nest?" cried Philip Emery, overhearing him. He dashed away from the table and the others streamed after him, laughing and yelling. Karen and Kathy, anxious-eyed, were at the end of the line.

"Don't touch it!" Mrs. Ralston called from the porch but she was too late. Phil picked up the basket ball and launched it at the gray papery mass hanging over his head.

"You goon!" screamed Billy,

and the others joined in, too . . . half-laughing and half-uneasy . . . hornets were no joke.

So it proved. The nest broke open and dozens of buzzing hornets swarmed out. They flew among the yelling boys and began a thorough job of stinging them.

"What'll we do?" wailed Kathy, fending them off with flailing fists. "They are spoiling the party, and ouch! they hurt!"

"I know!" said Karen after a second's thought. She dashed up to the house where the plastic hose was neatly coiled with one end attached to the outside faucet.

"I'll fix it, kids!" she yelled and turning on a light spray she directed it at the hovering hornets. In jig time she had driven them away and the cold water, wetting the boys down, soothed their painful stings.

"Now I'm glad we told them not to dress up!" Kathy said. She couldn't help giggling at the capering boys waving the maddened insects away and running round in circles and then right into the spray from the hose.

In a minute it was all over.



"Never mind the basketball!" Karen told them. "We'll have some relay races to dry you off." The boys lined up good-naturedly, taking it all as a big joke.

Not so Kathy and Karen.

"It's spoiled our business," Kathy mourned. "This will get all over town and no one will want to hire us to give any more parties." So they told Mrs. Ralston when the boys had finally gone and they were clearing up in the kitchen.

"I don't know why not," she told them, giving them a crisp five-dollar bill. "Tod says it was the best birthday party he ever had."

"The other kids all said it was swell," put in Billy, who was helping carry in chairs. "You weren't to blame for the hornets."

Just then Mr. Ralston drove into the yard.

"Well," he said, getting out of his car, grinning broadly. "I see the party's over and I hear it was a howling success."

"Howling is right, when those hornets busted loose," Tod observed.

"But who told you it was a success?" asked Karen and Kathy in one breath.

"Why, the boys themselves," Mr. Ralston said. "I just saw some of them when I stopped down the street to get the paper. They all said they had never had so much fun at a party before."

"Maybe we'd better plan on hornets every time," Karen said to Kathy. "You did say we should keep the most exciting thing till the end, and it turned out we did, all right."

**B**UT they needn't have worried. Even without including that extra thrill they began to have business trickle in. By the time August first rolled around, they had put on so many parties they began to think they needed two weeks at camp for a rest! And they had the money they needed.

"We might even do it in the winter," Kathy said. But Karen shook her head.

"We'd better stick to outdoor parties," she said. "There's more room to percolate outside."

"I guess you're right," Kathy said. "We can call ourselves the summertime party girls. OK?"

"OK!" agreed her twin happily, patting her little pocket purse which clinked heavily.

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# HOW TO CREATE WITH CRAYONS

By ARTHUR GREEN

*Think you're too old for coloring? Wait until you try these unusual ideas*

**W**AX crayons are very popular art materials. Everyone knows how to draw with them. But you can do more with crayons than simply "color a picture" in the usual way. Here are a few interesting techniques — all possible with ordinary crayons.

You can create striking effects by varying the way you nor-



DRAWING

mally use a wax crayon in drawing. For one, you can produce a rubbed or leathery-looking effect in pictures, patterns, or designs by peeling the paper a little way down from the end and by rubbing the side — not the end — of your crayon across the page. For another, you can create the main parts or subjects to your picture by pressing heavily on the crayon; the details or background with less pressure on the crayon. That's the way to give emphasis to important parts. You can create

exciting notched effects, too. Simply notch the side of your crayon with a knife or your thumbnail and rub it on your paper. This is good for artistic lettering or numbering or for making cards or posters.

To create an interesting etched design, first color your

pencil, a toothpick, or some other sharp object, etch the outline of a picture, pattern, or design through the top color to your original colors. You'll want to create interesting effects with other etching tools,



entire paper with bright crayon colors. Be sure to press down heavily and fill up all the blank spaces. Then cover this with a layer of solid color — preferably a dark brown—with a crayon. Then, using your fingernails, a hairpin, the point of a

too, like combs, forks — even sandpaper.

Ever try melting wax? If you peel off the paper wrapping of a crayon and hold one end over a candle flame, it will soften. You can paint with the melted wax by letting it drop in place over your paper or "brushing" it directly on your

paper just like paint. When your crayon gets hard again, simply hold it over the flame until it becomes soft. You can use this



COMBINING WITH  
OTHER MATERIALS

technique to cover objects like bottles, too.

Crayons don't blot like paint. This makes them excellent for repeat patterns by cutting a stencil or silhouette out of paper or cardboard, placing it over a sheet of paper and coloring. This is very good for making cards or decorating gift wrap-

ping paper or stationery.

Crayons look good on materials other than paper, too. To color cloth, use a washed material like old sheets. Tape the cloth down flat and draw directly on it with crayons. Then lay your design face down on newspaper, place a wet cloth on top and press with a hot iron. This fixes the color into the cloth.

Wood is another common material that combines well with crayons. With a pencil, sketch or trace the outline of a design, pattern or picture on a piece of wood with a smooth surface. Then fill in the outline with crayon colors, rubbing in the direction of the grain of the wood. If you want a smoother finished surface, cover your drawing with a thin coat of shellac. Finished products make interesting wall plaques or you can decorate many unfinished items made of wood, such as book ends, trays, and magazine racks.

Still another combining technique is to make a crayon drawing and then brush water colors over it. Since wax crayons repel water, the crayon itself will not be affected, but the rest of the paper takes on an interesting effect when the paint dries.

# Giggles Galore

*He:* You're a lucky man. Diana is worth her weight in gold.

*Him:* I hope so. That's what I've been telling the man at the finance company.

"I've decided I won't be married till I'm 25," confided the coed.

"And I," said her elder sister, "have decided not to be 25 till I'm married."

"They tell me your wife came from an aristocratic old family."

"Not exactly came — she brought it with her."



*Proud father:* Yes, sir, our household represents the whole United Kingdom. I am English, my wife's Irish, the nurse is from Scotland, and the baby wails!

"Harold is awfully obstinate."

"In what way?"

"It's the hardest thing in the world to make him admit I'm right when I'm wrong."

*First baseball player:* You didn't do so well with that millionaire's daughter, hey?

*Second baseball player:* Terrible! No hits; no runs; no heiress.





# THE PUZZLE OF Picture Point

By FRANCES GORMAN RISSE



*The weirdly dressed figure emerged from the depths of the lake, scaring the girls out of their wits*

I'M glad I could spend the week end with you, Mary. This is such a pretty place." Linda Hall sat down on the pine-shaded doorstep of the deserted old house that clung to the top of the gray rock cliff known as Picture Point.

"I've wanted you to come for ages," said Mary Watt, her dark

eyes studying the rolling meadows and wooded hills that surrounded the placid lake below them. "Doesn't our house look small from up here? And see that cabin near the grove? That's where Mother's brother, my Uncle Larry, lives. He's a scientist and inventor."

SOMETHING inside the house creaked eerily and Linda looked over her shoulder nervously. "Brr-rr! This isn't supposed to be a haunted house, is it?" she murmured. "Seems to me every small community has a haunted house or a prehistoric monster — something uncanny!"

"Picture Point has something uncanny all right," said Mary, smiling. "We have a man from Mars!"

"A *what*?" squealed Linda, turning to stare at her friend. "For goodness' sake, tell me!"

"I should let Bob tell you." Mary stooped to watch a line of ants marching across the moss grown stones of the worn pathway. "He loves to tell about our Martian. Where is that brother of mine, anyway? We've got to wait for him, because he's got the lunch basket. He's al-

ways late — he stops to look at every bug he sees."

"Bob's making a collection of bugs, isn't he?" asked Linda.

"Beetles," said Mary. "He hopes to win the prize at the County Fair. It's a perfectly grand set of books. I've been helping him watch for beetles, too. There's one he wants especially — he described it to me. It —"

"There he comes," interrupted Linda as a red-haired boy appeared in the meadow far below them. "I see what you mean — he stops every step or two and examines something." Then she pleaded: "Go on and tell me about the man from Mars who's come to Picture Point. Picture Point — I don't even know where this place got its name, though I suppose it's called that because of the view."

"No, it's on account of the pictures in the cave —" Mary began, then shrugged her shoulders. "I might as well start at the beginning, because the lake and the cave and the Martian are all mixed together."

"You wrote me about a cave," remembered Linda, turning sideways so that she could keep an eye on the shadowy room behind

them. "You said it had pictures on the walls."

"An uncle of Mother's was an artist," explained Mary. "He lived in this house and he amused himself by painting pictures on the walls of the cave that is in this hill. He painted things that looked just like the Stone Age paintings that were found in caves in Spain and France."

"Oh, I'm dying to see the cave!" exclaimed Linda, getting up.

"You can't," said Mary, "because the entrance is under water. When the dam broke last year the lake flooded the cave."

"But maybe the whole cave isn't flooded," persisted Linda. "Isn't there another way in?"

"No, there isn't," said Mary, brushing her light hair out of her eyes. "Bob and I are awfully disappointed because we intended to show the cave to tourists who pass on the highway. We were going to sell cold drinks, too, and we'd made all sorts of plans about getting things we wanted and starting saving accounts."

"Oh, what a shame," said Linda. "But go on; what does

the man from Mars have to do with the cave?"

Mary waved to her brother, but he didn't see her, so she sat down on the steps. "Well, some time ago somebody said they saw a queer looking creature in the lake. It went under the water and they never did see it come up. All this happened about the time there was so much excitement about flying saucers and this thing they saw — or thought they saw — was red; so of course everyone said it must be a man from Mars."

**A**REN'T you afraid to come here?" Linda looked around fearfully.

"Goodness, no," said Mary with a laugh. "Uncle Larry just grinned when Mother asked him about it and said it was all imagination. Lots of kids won't come here, though, and even the grownups look sort of funny when it's mentioned." She glanced toward the boy who was loitering in the meadow. "Bob hasn't seen us," she said. "Let's hide inside the house and jump out at him."

The two girls entered the gloomy old place and tiptoed across the swaying floor, look-

ing for a possible hiding place.

"Spooky, isn't it?" murmured Mary. "Mother says it used to be a very pretty place before it was left to the bats and owls."

"This chimney is big enough for a dozen people to stand in," said Linda, stepping into the great stone fireplace and peering up at the bit of blue sky far above. "Look, Mary, there's a sort of shelf in the rock, high up on one side. Do you suppose it was to keep dishes of food warm?"

"Maybe," said Mary, joining Linda, "but that doesn't seem sensible, because how could anyone reach the dishes if there was a fire in the fireplace? This fireplace was here long before this house was built. There used to be a log cabin here and the fireplace and chimney were still standing after the cabin was burned by Indians."

"Let's climb up on the shelf and Bob will never be able to find us," said Linda excitedly. "I think we can climb up on these stones —" she stopped with a little cry. "Ugh! Look out, Mary! There's a big, funny looking bug climbing the wall!"

"Where?" Mary cried. "Oh, Linda, it's a beetle, and it looks

like the one Bob described — the one he's looking for. I wish I could catch it!"

"There's an empty olive bottle by the steps," said Linda. "Would that do to put it in?"

"Get it, will you? I'll watch the bug and see that it doesn't get away!" Mary whispered, her eyes on the big insect.

WHEN Linda returned with the bottle, Mary had succeeded in climbing up on the rocky shelf. "The bug came up here, Linda," she said, "and what do you think? There's an iron door here — it must have been an oven." She tugged at the door, then sat back, red faced. "Oh, I wish I could open it," she fretted, "because the bug crawled under it."

"I'll help," said Linda, clambering up beside Mary. "Ouch! I skinned my knee." She put the bottle down and began pulling at the smoke-blackened, rusted door. "What a strange place for an oven."

"Maybe it was a hiding place from the Indians," said Mary. "There — it's open. Be real still, Linda. Yes, there he is — if he goes any farther back, I won't be able to see him!"

With a quick flick of her handkerchief Mary captured the beetle and in a moment had transferred it to the bottle, which Linda handed to her. The handkerchief tied securely over the bottle's top kept the insect from escaping.

Linda, on hands and knees, was peering about the interior of the recess. "Do you know, Mary," she whispered, "I think there's another door back here. I feel hinges. - But why would there be a door at the back of an oven?"

"I can't imagine," said Mary, puzzled. "Anyway, we'd better not open it — no telling what might be on the other side."

"Sb —" Linda whispered, as something creaked in the dark room below. "Is that Bob?"

"I don't know," breathed Mary, "but I'm going to push this door almost shut."

The two girls waited in the hot darkness, but heard nothing more.

"It wasn't Bob," said Mary at last. "I'm suffocating. Let's climb down." As she turned in the narrow space, she pushed against the heavy door and it clanged shut. "Oh, bother," she muttered, pushing at it, then

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*The girls huddled in the stifling darkness, each wondering if there was any possible escape for them.*

she gasped, "Linda, I can't get the door open!"

The girls pushed with all their might, panting in the suffocating darkness, but the rusted door did not budge. At last, frightened and exhausted, they sat back against the iron walls.

"Let's call Bob," said Mary, "he's bound to be here soon!"

"Bob! Bob!" they screamed, their voices dreadfully loud in their own ears, but when they listened, only silence answered them.

"Oh, dear," Mary muttered,

"do you suppose he's not answering to tease us? We'll smother in here!"

"There's a little breeze coming in somewhere," said Linda. "It's coming through the crack under this other door, Mary. Let's see if we can open it. I'm sure it leads to the cellar, or some place outside. Anyway, nothing could be much worse than this!"

The second iron door proved very stubborn, but at last it swung outward with a groan, and cool air blew in from darkness.

"Oh, that's a relief!" sighed Mary, breathing in great gulps of the damp air.

"I feel steps going down, Mary!" exclaimed Linda. "Don't you think, if we test every step before we put our weight on it, that it will be safe to go down? This must have been an escape passage!"

"I guess we'll have to see," said Mary. "I'll leave the bottle here — we can get it later." She shivered as she groped her way down the stone steps, holding to Linda's shoulder. Rough rock walls wet with moisture enclosed

the narrow staircase and there were scurrying sounds, as if small creatures were retreating into hiding places. There was a sound of water dripping endlessly.

"I hope there aren't any snakes in here," whispered Linda, as they inched downward. "I feel water trickling around my feet."

OH, I think we're coming out in the cellar," said Mary, "because it's getting lighter —" She stopped with a cry of surprise, for the passage turned abruptly, then stopped. The girls found themselves at the very edge of a sheer drop.

"Is this the cellar?" whispered Linda.

"Oh, no —" Mary cried. "Linda — we're in the cave!" She lowered her voice. "But where is the light coming from? It used to come from the entrance — there never were lights in here!"

The girls peered out into the dimly lighted cavern that stretched away in one direction, into the hillside. Water lapped darkly at one side, but did not invade the main part

of the cave. Fantastic paintings in shades of black, red, and brown covered the walls of the eerie place.

"Sunlight can't come in here, can it?" asked Linda through chattering teeth.

"No," said Mary. "We'll have to jump down and see where the light comes from. Maybe there's a way out. The floor's sandy — I'll go first. Anyway, we can't go back!" She jumped from the narrow opening and landed on the sand.

Linda followed and picked herself up. "Mary," she called, going around an outcropping of rock, "the light is from a big flashlight. See, it's propped between these rocks!"

"How —" Mary began, then she grasped Linda's arm. "Look!" she whispered, pointing toward the sand. "Footprints! They're webbed, like a huge bird's footprints would be!"

"Oh, Mary, what'll we do?" Linda was half crying, her eyes terrified.

Mary looked around the cavern. She saw a broken stick on the sand and picked

it up. "There's one thing certain, Linda," she said sturdily, "if it can make tracks, it can be hit!"

"Mary — behind you" screamed Linda.

MARY wheeled toward the dark water, stick upraised, and a cry froze in her throat for there, coming up from the black depths, was a huge, misshapen scarlet head with weirdly staring eyes. The red body of the creature dragged from the water and webbed feet spread monstrously on the sand.

Linda cringed, but Mary raised the stick and shouted: "You — you *thing*! You go right back to Mars!"

The grotesque creature was tugging at its jaws. It began shaking alarmingly and strangling noises came from its mouthless face.

"Mary, its head is coming off!" shrieked Linda.

Sure enough, in a moment the head parted from the crimson body, exposing the laughter-convulsed face of a man.

"Uncle Larry!" screamed Mary, sitting down in the



sand. "You are the man from Mars! But how? And why?"

"Forgive me for frightening you, girls," gasped the man, "but you surprised me, too. I never dreamed there was another entrance to this cave. Of course there are tiny air holes, far back, in the top, but —"

"We found a passage accidentally," interrupted Mary. "It's through the fireplace in the old house, and it comes out up there in the wall. You can't see the crack from here. But what are you doing in that rig, Uncle Larry?"

"It's too complicated to explain now," said the man. "I'll only say that I've invented a new fabric for underwater use. It is lighter, more durable, more pliable and cheaper than the materials now in use for diving suits. One day I was making some tests in the lake and I discovered that I could come into the cave through the submerged entrance. Of course that made it very convenient for me, as I could leave this outfit in the cave, and when I wanted to use it, all I had to do was go for a swim, come here and change, and so on. Someone saw me one day, but I didn't bother to ex-



"Bob! Bob! Over here!" called Mary.

plain, as I didn't want a lot of curious on-lookers about."

"Oh, do you suppose we can open the passage we found?" asked Mary. "We could put flashlights along the walls and it would be awfully exciting, coming into the cave that way!"

"I'm sure it can be done," said her uncle.

"Then Boh and I can show the cave!" Mary exclaimed.

"But how will we get out now?" asked Linda. "The iron door's shut, you know." Quickly she outlined their adventure.

"Well, it's a warm day," said Mary's uncle, a twinkle in his eye. "If you girls don't mind getting wet, I can take you out through the old entrance. It isn't far below lake level and I can land you on the shore right below where Boh is sitting. At least he was there a short time ago. I saw him, but he didn't see me."

"Oh, I can't wait to see his face when we pop to the surface!" said Mary.

"Let's go, then," said the scientist, fastening his red head in place. With a girl clinging to each of his shoulders, he waded into the turgid water. Down they went, then up, up, to the

surface of the lake, not ten yards from where Boh was sitting.

The weird looking creature set the girls on the bank then sank beneath the water.

"Hey! What was that?" Boh forgot all about the spider he was watching and jumped to his feet, his eyes wide. "Where did you two come from? Was that the man from Mars? Golly, I should have been with you!" He rushed toward them. "I pay too much attention to hugs!"

"Don't say that," exclaimed Mary, wringing water from her skirt, "because one of your crawly friends showed me the way we can carry out our plans about the cave."

"The cave?" echoed Boh.

"Linda and I must change our clothes," said Mary. "Bring the basket — we'll eat in the arbor. Wait — I have something for you up at the old house. Hope I can open the iron door from the outside!"

"Iron door? Cave?" Boh looked mystified. "Sounds like Ali Babal!"

"It's something like that," Mary called over her shoulder, "only in this case the magic words aren't: 'Open, sesame', they're: 'Open, beetle!'"

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